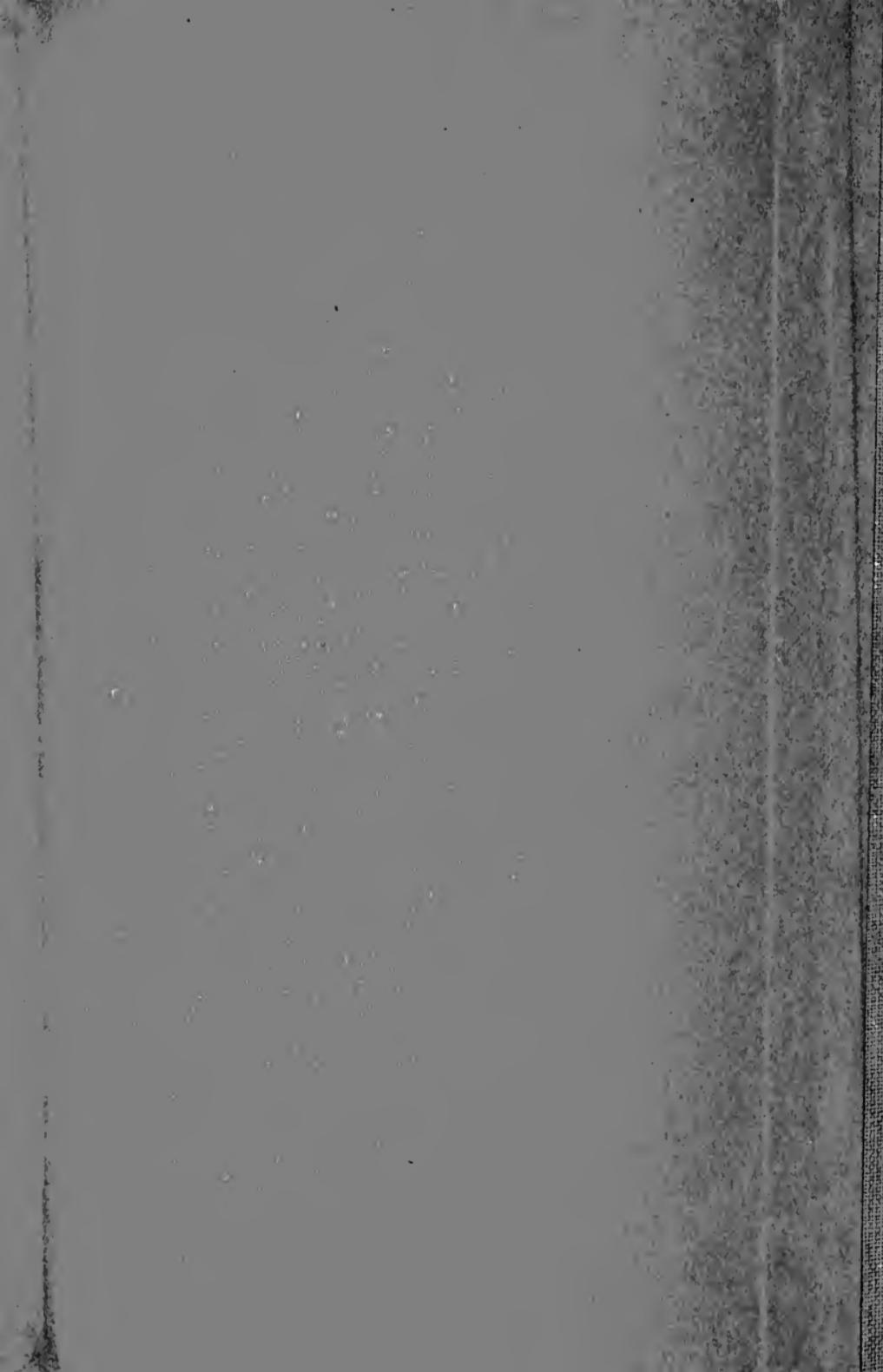
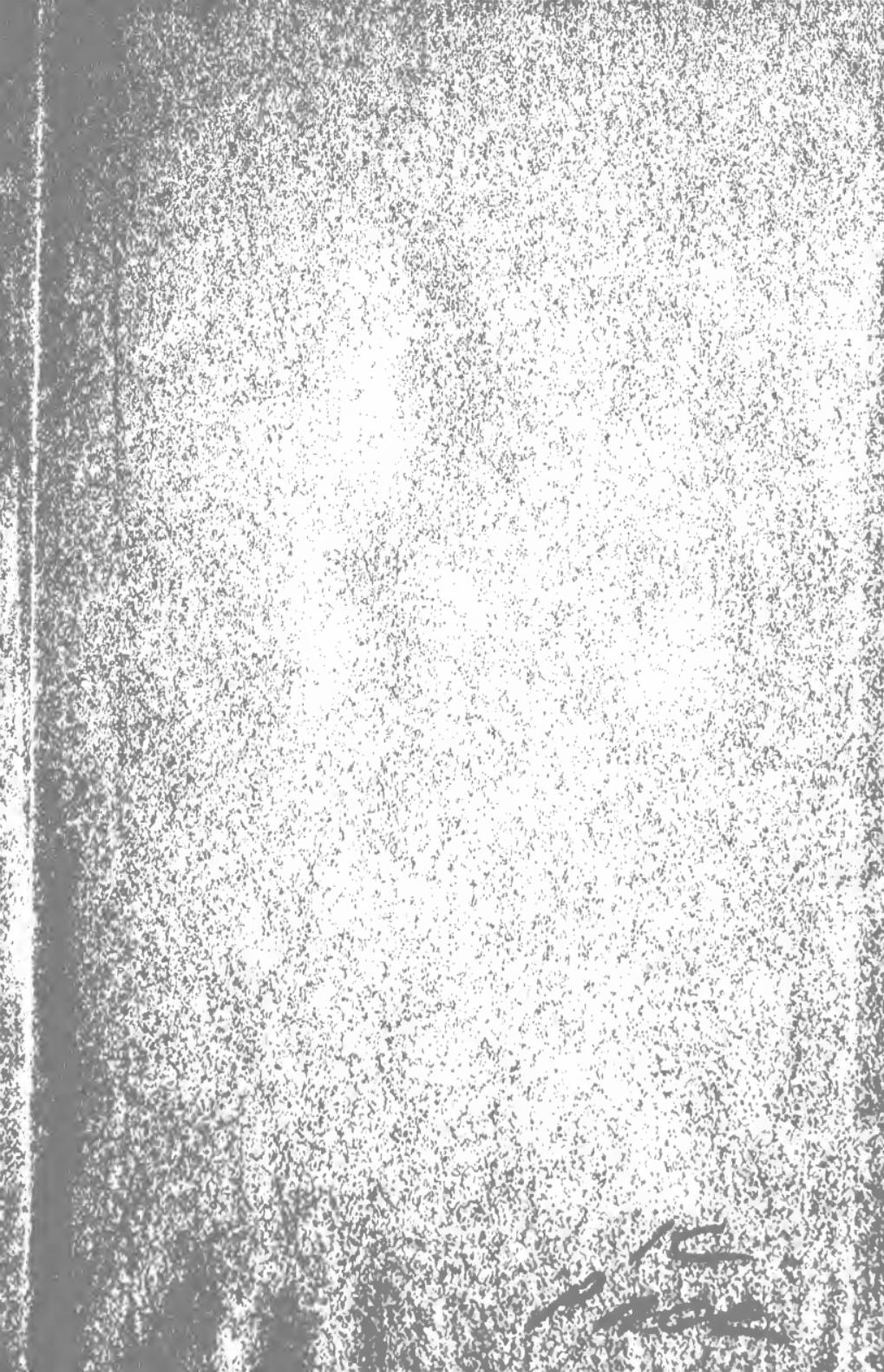


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AMERICAN DIPLOMACY**

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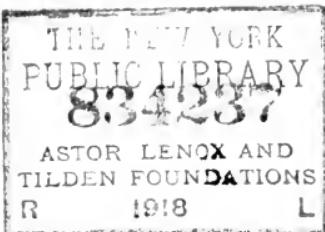
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FRONTISPIECE

GARDEN CITY NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY

1918



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1918
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FOREWORD

The public apathy in regard to our foreign policy and the cheerful indifference shown by the majority of our people towards the Diplomatic Service has had a baleful influence upon our country. Even since the disclosures of Germany's designs in the world war have turned attention violently towards the realm of world politics, and thrust the slumbering questions of our international rights and duties into the glare of newspaper headlines, the discussion thus aroused in our press and in our legislatures has revealed a comprehensive ignorance of the first principles of our foreign relations. It displays a total disregard for more than a century of painstaking upbuilding by that successful and farseeing body—the American Diplomatic Corps.

It is not and could not be the object of this volume to give a chronological history of the diplomatic achievements of the United States. My purpose is rather to present in simple form a few of the most striking incidents in the service—to picture the outstanding figures and big dramatic actions in our dealings overseas which should be common knowledge to all Americans, but is not.

I have no fear that the story will be old or stale. Part and parcel of our very life though they be, I venture that a large proportion of both the actions and the principles set forth will be not only new

FOREWORD

but amazing to most readers. Yet they are the A B C of American diplomatic history. I claim no historical erudition whatever. This book adds not a syllable to the literature of the subject, and it is not intended to.

It is hoped that perhaps a narrative, told rather in the language of the man on the street than in the dignified diction of the historian, and setting forth the adventurous and dramatic episodes in the lives of our envoys, the plots they have discovered, the Empires they have defied, the kingdoms they have acquired, may help to create some interest in this most vital matter. It is hoped that it may, for instance, bring some appreciation of the mutual interdependence between Great Britain and America. If the casual reader was aware that under the guiding hand of our Revolutionary heroes we had three times before joined forces with the Navy of Great Britain to face the predatory forces of despotism, and had been defended by that Navy from that day to this, he would be better prepared to debate "the freedom of the seas."

While this book does not pretend to give even a cursory review of American diplomacy, I hope that, having taken this much of a glimpse into our world situation as it has developed, the reader may acquire an appetite for the real facts in the case, for future reference at the primaries, and elsewhere.

R. W. P.

Pinehurst, N. C.
Feb. 8, 1918.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
FOREWORD	v

CHAPTER I

BENEVOLENT NEUTRALITY	3
---------------------------------	---

King Louis's Private Messenger Makes a Discovery in London—Beaumarchais, America's First Friend, Writes a Letter—A Secret Conference of State in Philadelphia—Timothy Jones, Alias Silas Deane, the First American Diplomat—The Continental Army Saved by "Roderique Hortalez"—Some Revolutionary Correspondences Showing that All is Not Neutral that Protests. Clandestine Diplomacy.

CHAPTER II

"ENTANGLING ALLIANCES"	23
----------------------------------	----

Enter One of the Most Extraordinary Men that Ever Lived—Paris Taken by Storm—An Ambassador, Secretary of State, War, Navy, and Treasury All in One—A Courier Arrives in Paris with Startling Intelligence—Comedy of English and French Spies—Benjamin Franklin and Louis XVI Sign the Treaty of Alliance—Our Obligation to France.

CHAPTER III

FIGHTING FOR LIFE. THE BIRTH OF A NATION	36
--	----

The European Cabal Against Democracy—The United States Sends out an All-American Team—Benjamin Franklin Plays Fair and Wins the Applause of His Opponents—John Jay Discovers a Plot and Throws His Instructions to the Winds—The Part Played by the Intercepted Dispatches of Marbois and the Secret Mission of Reyneval in American Independence—The Foundations of the Anglo-Saxon Solidarity.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER IV

“TRADITIONS OF THE SERVICE” 56

Gouverneur Morris Takes a Hand in the French Revolution—His Memorandum to the King—The Man from Home Plans the Escape of Marie Antoinette—The Affair of the King’s Money and Papers—Coaching a Despot to Play Republican—The Embassy a Haven for Condemned *Aristos*—Invaded by the Commune—The Minister Arrested—All the Ambassadors Leave—“Better My Friends Should Wonder Why I Stay Than My Enemies Inquire Why I Went Away”—Morris Stands by His Post of Danger—The King’s Legacy Delivered in Vienna.

CHAPTER V

“TRADITIONS OF THE SERVICE” 66

Elihu Washburne, Ambassador for the World During the Siege of Paris—The Commune Again—History Repeated—The Empress Eugénie Rescued from the Revolution by an American—The Coming of the Prussians—All the Foreign Envoys Pick Up Their Hats in a Hurry—The Deluge of Victims—The Secret Messenger of the Royal Family—The Gold of Prince Murat—Counsellor to the Republic—*Vive l’Amérique*—An Embassy Over a Mine and Under a Barricade.

CHAPTER VI

THE BEARDING OF BONAPARTE. A LESSON IN SEA-POWER 73

Napoleon Steals Louisiana from the “Prince of Peace” and Organizes an Invasion of America Out of His Victorious Armies Led by Marshal Victor of “The Terrible Regiment”—Thomas Jefferson, Pacifist, Turns a Political Somersault—Rufus King Holds a Momentous Conference in London—Robert Livingston Throws a Challenge in the Face of a Great Conqueror—Napoleon in His Bath-Tub Makes History—James Monroe Goes to Purchase a Town and Returns with a Kingdom—America Saved by the British Fleet.

CONTENTS

ix

CHAPTER VII

THE HUMILIATION OF IMPOTENCE. A STUDY IN PIRACY	96
--	----

The "Shadow of God" and "Emulator of Alexander" Writes a Dispatch to "The Amiable James Monroe, Emperor of America"—Courtly Frightfulness vs. Truculent Pacifism—John Adams has a Pleasant Chat with a Pirate in London—An Algerian Price List of American Sailors—Boston Mariners Left in Turkish Slavery—The Diplomatic Triumph of a Courteous Murderer—Blackmail the Alternative of a Navy—The Portrait of George Washington—Stephen Decatur Demonstrates the Persuasive Value of Gunpowder in Diplomatic Discourse.

CHAPTER VIII

THE BATTLE FOR DEMOCRACY. AN ANGLO-SAXON INHERITANCE	117
--	-----

George Canning Reveals a Plot for the Extermination of Democracy—Richard Rush Sends James Monroe a Literary Bomb-Shell—The Emperors of Europe Combine for Conquest of America—The Duke of Wellington Proves a Tartar—England Makes a Proposition—Thomas Jefferson Proposes to Marry the British Fleet—The Solid Front of the Anglo-Saxon—James Monroe Throws Down a Challenge to Royalty—Ambitions Sunk in the Waters of Trafalgar.

CHAPTER IX

PUBLICITY VS. DUPPLICITY. THE INTRIGUES OF AN EMPEROR	130
---	-----

A Mysterious Stranger Appears at the Paris Consulate with Proof of an Imperial Plot—The Iron-Clad Rams of Napoleon III—The Death Knell of the Fleet and the Threatened Bombardment of New York—The Intrigues of an Emperor—The Fallacy of Neutrality—The Diplomatic Methods of John Bigelow—A Cunning Ruse—The Planted Dispatch—The Collapse of the Conspiracy.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER X

THE "TRENT" AFFAIR 150

Righting an Old Wrong—Introducing an Ultimatum, Including the Story of a Hold-Up at Sea—Two Ambassadors Captured and Imprisoned in Fort Warren, Boston—A Lesson in International Law Proves an Example of International Joke—A National Celebration—A National Indignation—A National Retraction—Abraham Lincoln's Way—Anecdotes vs. the Rattling Sabre—A Conference of State—Salmon P. Chase States a Principle.

CHAPTER XI

COACHING CHINA 167

The Everlasting Problem of "The Inferior Race." Conflict of "Manifest Destiny" and "The Square Deal"—A Crisis in the Orient—The "Powers" Rig an Action Against the Celestial Kingdom, Backing the Advance of the Caucasian Drummer—Anson Burlingame, Back Bay Politician, Takes the Case of China—The Fate of a Continent in His Hands—An Ambassador to All the World—His Treaty with Seward—A Convention with Lord Clarendon—The Triumphant Diplomatic Conquest of Two Emperors and the Iron Chancellor.

CHAPTER XII

"A DUTY TO HUMANITY." THE END OF AN EMPIRE 196

The Diplomacy of the War with Spain—The Crime of National Pride and Procrastination—The Verdict of History—The Plight of Cuba—Revolution Engineered in New York—Mutual Cruelties—American "Pirates"—Cleveland's Firm Hand—Woodford vs. Sagasta, a Triumph of Fair Play—Concessions Made by Spain—"Home Rule"—Removal of Weyler—"Autonomy"—Revocation of Reconcentration—Isabel's Despair—The Intervention of the Pope—Final Concessions and Armistice—"Remember the Maine"—An Intercepted Insult—The Recalled Minister and the Fateful Message to Congress—A Tribute to Spanish Courtesy.

CONTENTS

xi

CHAPTER XIII

THE COUP D'ÉTAT. THE INSIDE STORY OF PAN-

AMA	227
---------------	-----

The Man Behind the Revolution—Room 1162, Waldorf-Astoria, The Liberty Hall of Panama—Bunau-Varilla Goes Scouting in Washington—The Three Horns of the Panama Dilemma—Reading the Future Actions of the Government—Playing with Destiny—A Kingdom for a Warship—Victory on the Isthmus—“Time is of the Essence”—Intrigue and Procrastination Squelched by Theodore Roosevelt—The Dramatic Finish in John Hay’s Residence.

CHAPTER XIV

SOME LESSONS IN CIVILITY

260

Premonitions—The King of Prussia’s Precious Doctrines in 1823—The Oppressed Revolutionists of Germany—Début of the Prussian Bully in Samoa—The Emperor’s Fatal Birthday—The Advent of the Famous Formula: “Impossible Ultimatum, Instant Defensive Invasion, and Annexation”—Leary of the *Adams* Takes a Hand—Schrecklichkeit Foiled by Hurricane—“The Organization of Failure in the Midst of Hate”—Why the Kaiser Did Not Take Uncle Sam “By the Scruff of the Neck”—“If You Want a Fight, You Can Have It Now”—Roosevelt Calls the Teuton Bluff—A Case of Arbitration—Designs on the Caribbean—An Opinion by John Hay.

DRAMATIC MOMENTS IN AMERICAN DIPLOMACY

CHAPTER ONE

BENEVOLENT NEUTRALITY

King Louis's Private Messenger Makes a Discovery in London—Beaumarchais, America's First Friend, Writes a Letter—A Secret Conference of State in Philadelphia—Timothy Jones, Alias Silas Deane, the First American Diplomat—The Continental Army Saved by “Roderique Hortalez.”—Some Revolutionary Correspondence Showing that All is Not Neutral that Protests. Clandestine Diplomacy.

SECRET diplomacy is almost a lost art. The Hohenzollerns still affect a fondness for this most thrilling and romantic pastime. But the Hohenzollern ministers have not been able to achieve the dizzy heights of deception and the infinite finesse and delicate touch which were the characteristics of the fine game of intrigue and counter-plot as concocted in the mystic chambers of subtle cardinals and imaginative ministers of the Talleyrand period a hundred years ago. Then a

government envoy had as many disguises as Stillman Hunt, the detective, and might be disclosed any time as his enemy's chief of staff, or his confidential secretary.

In 1775 a temporary peace prevailed in the world. The French Ambassador in London, entirely surrounded by spies, went his innocuous and pompous way. But meantime a singular individual was in London laying the train of the Bourbon revenge for the loss of Canada. In subtle and successful guise he was accomplishing precisely what the Prussian, Kühlmann, attempted in 1914. He spent his time singing duets with the Minister for Foreign Affairs and displaying an amazing talent in frivolity, in droll stories, in desperate and amusing nocturnal intrigues. He was a playwright of the first water by way of diversion; a plotter of inordinate devices and imagination, a master of dramatic language on all occasions, and absolutely without reputation.

His history as an agent of the French kings is more replete with masquerades, adventure,

ridiculous and dangerous situations, clandestine assignations, deadly secrets, and complicated intrigue than any novel ever written. Single handed he had recovered the notorious libel "Memoirs of Madame du Barry" from a colossal scoundrel in London, after a brigade of French secret police had failed in the most humiliating manner. Bearing the king's commission in a gold box hung around his neck he had set out from Nuremburg on the trail of a Jew who held for sale scandalous secrets of Marie Antoinette—the living counterpart of those Gascon characters whose incredible adventures fill the pages of French fiction. He fell upon his prey at the entrance of the forest of Neustadt. He was in turn attacked by three assassins. He tottered into the court of Vienna and was held there in prison a year as a dangerous liar. But he saved the papers.

And now as our history opens he was once more in London, transacting the tortuous and lurid diplomacy of the Bourbon Court. He was there negotiating with another secret agent

of the court for a box of letters of Louis XV, said to incriminate the French nation beyond recall. Recollect that this other agent was the Chevalier d'Eau, who had originally gone to the Russian Court disguised as a woman, and who at this time, to the scandal and astonishment of Christendom, was declaring that in fact he was a woman, and you will perceive what a funny, dreadful, and entertaining character this fellow was.

His name was Pierre Augustin Caron de Beaumarchais. So much for one side of this actor—the ridiculous and entertaining side presented to Lord Rochfort and the American Committee on Secret Correspondence. The other side is painted thus by a great French historian:

“A man of ardent and daring mind, of restless and stormy renown, of questionable character and of prodigious activity. * * * The heir presumptive of Voltaire and the successful conqueror of the Maupeou Parliament.”

Unknown to his own ambassador, totally

without standing or presentable authority, liable to be repudiated by his master and to have "his throat cut like a sheep" for any mistake or discovery, this capable vagabond manipulated the strings of the machine which developed into the most powerful influence for fair practice among nations ever yet seen in the world—American diplomacy. He not only believed the world to be a stage, but wrote the piece himself, and acted it; performing both functions in the most intensely dramatic and interesting style.

So it inevitably happened that he crossed the trail of Arthur Lee, an agent of the Continentals in England in the early days of our Revolution. King Louis was shortly informed what action a really wise king should take. The French were at peace with England, to be sure. And there were certain prevailing ideas upon the subject of neutrality, then as now. But to a mind as versatile as Caron's such impediments are negligible. See how it is done.

*(Translation of Undated Memorandum of
Caron de Beaumarchais, Adven-
turer at Large)*

TO THE KING ONLY

SIRE:

When considerations of State impel you to extend a helping hand to the Americans, policy requires that Your Majesty proceed with such caution, that aid secretly conveyed to America may not become in Europe a brand to kindle strife between France and England. Above all, it is the part of prudence to be certain that the money cannot possibly pass into other hands than those of your choice. Moreover, since the present state of the finances does not at once permit of as great an expenditure as events seem to require, it is my duty, Sire, to submit to your judgment the following plan, having for its principal object, under the semblance of a purely commercial affair, to remove all suspicion that Your Majesty or your Majesty's Council are at all interested in the matter.

This plan, in execution, unites with many other advantages the power of retarding or accelerating the course of these supplies as your prudence may dictate, and according as the situation of the Americans becomes more or less pressing, with the result that these aids, wisely administered, will serve not so much to terminate the war between America and England, as to sustain and keep it alive to the detriment of the English, our natural and pronounced enemies.

Let us consider the details of the scheme. The unvarying impression of this affair to the majority of the Congress, should be the delusion that Your Majesty has nothing to do with it but that a company is about to entrust a certain sum to the prudence of a trusted agent to furnish continuous aid to the Americans, by the promptest and surest methods * * * in exchange for returns in the shape of tobacco. Secrecy is the essence of all the rest.

• • • • • • • • •

Your Majesty will begin by placing one

million at the disposal of your agent, who will style himself Roderique Hortalez & Company, this being the signature and title of the firm under which I have agreed to conduct the entire business. One half of this sum, changed into moidores or Portuguese pieces, the only foreign money that passes in America, will be immediately forwarded thither.

Roderique Hortalez intends to use the remaining half million in procuring powder, and conveying it without delay to the Americans. Instead, however, of buying this powder in Holland, or even in France, at the current prices of 20 or 30 sols tournois a pound, the price at which the Dutch hold it, or even higher, when supplying the Americans, the real device of the operation consisting as Roderique Hortalez hopes, in secretly procuring, with the sanction of Your Majesty, all necessary powder and saltpetre of your Registrars, on a basis of from five to six sols a pound.

Before terminating this paper I wish to hazard an idea suggested during its compo-

sition, namely, that it would be a pretty thing to aid the Americans with English money. Neither is this difficult.

It would suffice should Your Majesty, adopting an English usage that exacts a tax of 75 per cent. *ad valorem* on all French vehicles entering England at Dover, decree that in future all foreign vehicles and horses landed at our ports shall pay a tax equal to that levied on ours when entering England.

• • • • •

By putting in practice this conceit, Your Majesty would have the pleasure of using for the relief of the Americans the very money squeezed out of the English, and this seems to me to be quite an agreeable consideration, and, so to speak, like planting a few flowers amid the dry waste of explanations of the output, return, and profits of the commercial capital of the firm of Hortalez, of which Your Majesty is about to become the sole proprietor. * * *

CARON DE BEAUMARCHAIS.

From this document dates the dawn of American diplomacy and the tide of events leading to support, alliance, independence, and greatness. The next exhibit proves that the King and his counsel took the advice to heart—not forgetting the precautions of secrecy. On May 2, 1776, the Minister for Foreign Affairs sent this illuminating letter to His Majesty:

SIRE:

I have the honour of submitting to your majesty the writing authorizing me to furnish a million of lives for the service of the English Colonies, if you should deign to ratify it with your signature. I add to this, Sire, the draft of the reply which I mean to make to M. de Beaumarchais. If your majesty should approve of it, I beg that it may be returned to me without delay. It shall not go forth in my handwriting, nor in that of any of my clerks or secretaries; I will employ that of my son, which cannot be known; and although he is only in his fifteenth year, I can answer posi-

tively for his discretion. As it is of consequence that this operation should not be detected, or at least imputed to the government, I propose, if your majesty consents, to call hither the Sieur Montaudoin.

And meantime it happened that a genial Frenchman of leisure quite casually turned up in Philadelphia calling upon his old friend Francis Daymon, librarian of the Philadelphia library. He came from England and was filled with curiosity and good will. What was more natural than that this visitor, M. Bonvouloir, should be introduced to the famous philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, who was a member of the American Secret Committee on Correspondence with Foreign Powers? He showed such an interest in the struggling Congress that the members of the Committee met him in a secluded place after dark, each arriving by a different road. He told them that he could promise, offer, and answer for nothing, and that he was merely acting as a well-

disposed individual; but that he believed France wished them well and that he would give them the advantage of his large acquaintance in Paris, to insure any requests they might have to present at court.

Thereupon, our forefathers decided to send an agent into the nest of intrigue at Versailles to get what they could from the French. Our forefathers were the most straightforward men to be found in any capital in the world—at this or any other time. But they were rebellious subjects of the King, just the same, and not entirely lacking in knowledge of the ways of the world.

In consequence, Mr. Timothy Jones, a merchant from the Island of Bermuda, arrived in Bordeaux, France, on the 4th of May, 1776. He made no secret of the fact that he was bent upon purchasing certain gimcracks for the Indian trade. What he neglected to mention was that when last seen across the water he had been known as Silas Deane, representative in Congress from the State of Connecticut, and

that hidden about his person were letters instructing him to purchase supplies for a rebellious army from the benevolent and neutral government of France. His letters, although scrupulously opened by neighbouring Englishmen of an inquisitive disposition, would hardly reveal the fact, the pith of them being invisible except to the eyes of John Jay, of New York, who had a special acid to display the writing.

Now he had been told to look up a Dr. Dubourg in Paris, one of the innumerable high-minded and capable men that were followers of Franklin in all parts of Europe, and to confide in him and in one Mr. Edward Bancroft. He was delighted to find that Bancroft had arrived before he had, and to discover both gentlemen awaiting his coming. He would probably have been less delighted if he could have seen the full and exhaustive report of his right name, his antecedents, his lodgings, and even the minutest details of his private instructions which the genial Mr. Bancroft placed at once in the hands of the infuriated ambassa-

dor of Great Britain. That gentleman, Lord Stormont, lost no time in warning Vergennes, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, against the pernicious rebel.

Now, in spite of the fact that Dubourg, who was a familiar of the court, told him that the ministers would not see him, and meant to keep secret any countenance they gave the United Colonies, Deane, like the intrepid Yankee he was, fared forth to the awesome palace of Versailles and presented his commission to Vergennes himself. There would probably have been less discussion had he known that the genial M. Bonvouloir had gone straight from the King's antechamber for no other purpose in the world than to bring Deane before the King.

Vergennes was a past master and post graduate of the game of diplomacy. He was familiar with the document—unique among state papers of the first order, in that it was both entertaining and witty as well as able and daring—already quoted as having been

submitted to King Louis a short while before by the inimitable librettist. Consonant with this policy, the secretary told Deane that he was charmed with the United Colonies, but was a stickler for his duties toward Great Britain. However, he suggested casually that it was none of his business to interfere with private affairs, and that Roderique Hortalez & Company, a large Spanish mercantile house in Paris, might be of some service.

So let us repair to Hortalez & Co. by all means. It was an imposing concern, from outward view. It occupied the Hotel de Hollande in the Faubourg du Temple, a sumptuous edifice built by the Dutch to house the Netherlands embassy.

Who was M. Hortalez? Oh, he was a very great financier indeed. He was a Spanish nobleman of Castile, nothing less. He was a gentleman in private life, who in spite of his far-reaching feudal ties and princely relations had the most unaccountable benevolent tendencies toward budding Democracies. He was,

moreover, by happy chance, a dealer in muskets, bombs, powder, cutlasses, brass cannon, bayonets. He had on hand enough uniforms, shoes, hats and such to equip an army, if any such should happen into his store. Could he be seen? Why, not just at the moment. He was at home in his château studying his illustrious family tree. But his confidential agent was right inside.

Of course it was the writer of the plot, none other than the versatile M. de Beaumarchais himself. Roderique Hortalez, the great Spanish godfather and providential angel of the rebellion must have fallen from a cliff into the sea. For nobody has ever seen him from that day to this.

Possibly he was quite content to have his business entirely run by so able a lieutenant and upon such classic lines, worthy of the best traditions of the Comédie Française.

The success of this neat little arrangement and its enormous importance to our Revolution can best be demonstrated by those dispatches

of the day which managed to evade the British patrol, and come down into the records of the Department.

SILAS DEANE TO COMMITTEE ON SECRET COR-
RESPONDENCE.

“Paris, August, 2, 1776.

* * * I hope that it will be considered that one hundred field pieces, and arms, clothing, and accoutrements, with military stores for twenty-five thousand men, is a large affair, and that, although I am promised any credit, yet as they must be paid for, the sooner the better, if to be done without too great a risk.”

Considering that the Continental Army at no one time mustered half this many men—and considering that they had no supplies at all—the importance of this transaction becomes apparent. The source of this windfall was revealed in a letter the following 18th of August. Probably no more welcome news was ever conveyed in a letter from foreign parts.

TO THE COMMITTEE ON SECRET CORRESPOND-
ENCE, PHILADELPHIA.

“Paris, August 18, 1776.

Gentlemen:

The respectful esteem that I bear toward that brave people who so well defend their liberty under your conduct has induced me to form a plan concurring in this great work, by establishing an extensive commercial house, solely for the purpose of serving you in Europe, there to supply you with necessaries of every sort, to furnish you expeditiously and certainly with all articles—clothes, linens, powder, ammunition, muskets, cannon, or even gold for the payment of your troops, and in general everything that can be useful for the honourable war in which you are engaged. Your deputies, gentlemen, will find in me a sure friend, an asylum in my house, money in my coffers, and every means of facilitating their operations, whether of a public or secret nature. I will, if possible, remove all obstacles

that may oppose your wishes from the politics of Europe."

Undoubtedly neutrality of such benevolence has never been seen before or since. The Congress might view these literary protestations with the distrust the average man always has for fine phrases or signs of cleverness; but they could not help appreciating the next paragraph.

"At this very time, and without waiting for any answer from you, I have procured for you about two hundred pieces of brass cannon, four-pounders, which will be sent to you by the nearest way, two hundred thousand pounds of cannon powder, twenty thousand excellent fusils, some brass mortars, bombs, cannon balls, bayonets, platines, clothes, linens, etc., for the clothing of your troops, and lead for musket balls. An officer of the greatest merit for artillery and genius, accompanied by lieutenants, officers, artillerists, cannoniers, etc., whom we

think necessary for the service, will go to Philadelphia, even before you have received my first dispatch. * * * R. HORTALEZ & Co."

In order to repay this debt in kind to-day, we should have to send to France approximately two hundred thousand six-inch guns and equipment for two million and a half troops.

CHAPTER TWO

“ENTANGLING ALLIANCES”

Enter One of the Most Extraordinary Men that Ever Lived—Paris Taken by Storm—An Ambassador, Secretary of State, War, Navy, and Treasury All in One—A Courier Arrives in Paris with Startling Intelligence—Comedy of English and French Spies—Benjamin Franklin and Louis XVI Sign the Treaty of Alliance—Our Obligation to France.

MEANTIME, Lord Stormont, the British Ambassador, had not been idle. He penetrated the elaborate subterfuges and disguises by which King Louis, Deane, and Hortalez & Co., made shift to outfit the Continental Army and still keep up an appearance of French neutrality, and was in a fair way to nip the scheme in the bud, when there swept into the arena one of the greatest diplomats of all time. He was not only above disguise and deceit, all tricks

and factions, but above all party lines at home and national boundaries abroad.

Being in the midst of war to-day, we can appreciate the more the amazing power wielded by this eccentric gentleman of seventy summers, who appeared in Paris in 1776, clad in a plain brown suit which the courtiers thought was the dress of an “American cultivator.” He not only appeared at court—he took the court and the whole nation by storm. Listen to some contemporary accounts.

“His straight, unpowdered hair, his round hat, his brown coat, formed a contrast with the laced and embroidered coats and the powdered and perfumed heads of the courtiers of Versailles. This novelty turned the enthusiastic heads of the French women. Elegant entertainments were given him. * * * I was present at one of these entertainments, when the most beautiful woman of three hundred was selected to place a crown of laurels upon the head of the American philosopher and two kisses upon his cheeks.”

“His reputation was more universal than that of Liebnitz or Newton, Frederick or Voltaire, and his character more beloved and esteemed than any or all of them. * * * His name was familiar to government and people, to foreign countries, nobility, clergy, and philosophers, as well as plebeians to such a degree that there was scarcely a peasant or a citizen, a *valet de chambre*, a coachman or footman, a lady’s chambermaid or a scullion in a kitchen, who was not familiar with it, and who did not consider him a friend to human kind.”

The remarkable thing about this was, that the “scullion in the kitchen” was right—as every chancellor in Europe knew.

There was no more need or use of secrecy. All England rang with the news. Lord Rockingham declared that this diplomat’s arrival in France was a serious blow to Great Britain, more than counterbalancing the British victory on Long Island and the capture of New York. It was a common saying in London that he

was of more value to the Americans than all the privateers they had sent out.

All this, of course, was not because he was the idol of the Queen and the coachman, nor even because he was soon established in one of the most exclusive country places in the environs of Paris and treated by Vergennes more like the final authority than as a suppliant from a struggling rebellion. It was because not only a large body of the English public, but by far the most powerful in brains and leadership, regarded him openly as one of the great leaders of the English race. He presented the amazing spectacle of the arch rebel and enemy of the country openly working for the independence of a province, and for the downfall of those in power, in intimate and daily correspondence with leaders of the opposition, the scientists, advanced thinkers, liberal politicians, and cultivated circles in all parts of the British Kingdom.

There was no man so familiar with and observant of English politics as he. This was

Benjamin Franklin, whom Matthew Arnold called the incarnation of sanity and clear sense, and of whom Sir Samuel Romilly said:

“Of all the celebrated persons whom in my life I have chanced to see, Dr. Franklin, both from his appearance and conversation, seemed to me the most remarkable, * * * he impressed me with an opinion of him as one of the most extraordinary men that ever existed.”

Not only was he an extraordinary diplomat, but one of the most successful. Those who believe that written rules and precedents bound in calfskin constitute diplomacy—or that a great ambassador is a kind of sharp special pleader sent out to drive as shrewd a material bargain as possible with the “enemy”—would do well to read the procedure of this father and master of all American statecraft. His enormous strength, carped at by all petty partisans of his time, consisted in an attitude toward his opponents so obviously fair and sympathetic, so generously conciliatory and humanly honest, that he quickly became not

so much a negotiator as a mediator. His conduct, diametrically opposite to that popularly supposed to be correct for an ambassador—with his demands and his dignity and his country's honour and paramount interests and the rest of it—was that of a just and tolerant neighbour rather than that of an attorney for the plaintiff.

We shall see how this tremendous conception became eventually responsible for the healing of the breach in the Anglo-Saxon family, and the foundation of America as a world-power knit to a rejuvenated and liberated England, instead of a seaboard province hemmed in by the colonies of the Bourbons.

He arrived with instructions to make a commercial treaty with France—and to obtain such recognition as he could for the new Republic. Joined with him in this enterprise were Deane and Lee, supernumeraries in a hindering capacity. The French were by no means ready to come out into the open with active assistance. So while diplomacy languished this humorous

old gentleman of seventy took upon himself tasks beside which even the immense volume of business thrown upon our embassies at the outbreak of the World War was a bagatelle.

He became the principal financier of the bankrupt Colonies. On leaving home he had subscribed every cent of his own cash to the first Liberty Loan. And upon reaching his exalted post, instead of remittances for salary, he received innumerable drafts drawn on him by Congress. This was the only way Congress had of getting any money. It drew on Franklin to pay for its powder and its cannon, its ships and its seamen, its uniforms and its supplies. Who on earth was to take this melancholy paper of a desperate adventure, they did not know. But Franklin responded, first to last, with 52,000,000 francs. Wharton, the great authority on International Law, says that he exercised the function of Secretary of State and of the Treasury in assuming these duties; of Secretary of War in purchasing and forwarding supplies, and in recruiting officers

and men; of Secretary of the Navy in fitting out and manning and commissioning privateers; and of Supreme Admiralty Judge in determining prize questions and adjusting the almost innumerable controversies in which those concerned with these privateers were engaged.

It was he who engaged the services of the immortal Lafayette, whose spirit leads the American host to-day, and equipped that daring and enterprising seaman, John Paul Jones, with the guns of the *Bonhomme Richard*.

And then things began to happen. Rumour, always by mysterious process faster than mortal means of travel, reported that a special messenger from the United States had eluded the English frigates and was tearing toward Paris with all signs of some portentous news. The old American Nestor gathered his council about him in his retreat at Passy, and waited with great impatience. There were Arthur Lee and Silas Deane and the doubtful Bancroft—William Lee, of Virginia, and

the star of the original cast, Caron de Beaumarchais. About dinner time there clattered into the courtyard John Loring Austin, of Boston. Before he even had time to alight, Franklin addressed him.

“Sir, is Philadelphia taken?”

“Yes, sir.”

The old gentleman, so says an old diary, clasped his hands and returned to the hotel.

“But, sir,” cried the messenger, “I have greater news than that. *General Burgoyne and his whole army are prisoners of war!*”

The effect was dynamic. Everyone fell to making use of this epochal and tremendous news after his own fashion. The star actor bounced into a chaise with William Lee and tore off to Versailles, the hero of his own melodrama, to tell the King, and tore in such excellent histrionic style that he turned over the chaise and broke his ribs. The rest of the staff began copying the dispatches for diplomatic action, while Franklin’s valet and Major Thornton, Arthur Lee’s private secretary, be-

gan making a full report of the whole for my Lord Stormont, Ambassador of Great Britain. Whatever else failed His Majesty King George III, it was not his secret service.

Franklin had been warned that there were spies in his house but had made the typical reply that he didn't mind, for he had nothing to conceal, not even from his enemies. Perhaps this explains why in the end he had no enemies. At all events, the spies were of considerable service to him at this juncture. They led Lord North to begin frantic negotiations for peace on the spot. Of course, Franklin wanted peace —as we want peace to-day, but not a Hanoverian peace.

However, it was a matter of life and death to get the French Navy behind him. And here the spies did us another good turn. It is said that Vergennes also had his agents in the Passy household. And, by dint of listening at the keyholes and picking from waste baskets and catching snatches of dinner talk,

they became aware of these advances by the English.

This alarming information, added to the great influence of Franklin's personality, persuaded the Bourbon King to act at once. His whole soul was set upon the dismemberment of the British Empire. He did not care about the Colonies rising up into a great power—both on account of his own prestige and a natural aversion for republics, and because his cousin, the Spaniard, rightly opined that an American republic would be a menace to the American possessions of Spain. But a *reconciliation*—that was not to be considered.

The philosopher played his hand like the great genius that he was. Frank and genuine in every move, he still concealed a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more subtle mind under a disingenuous aspect, than any man alive. From the unrecognized suppliant he assumed at once the rôle of the master of the situation. All the parties came to him. Con-

rad Alexander Gerard, Royal Syndic of the City of Strassburg and Secretary of His Majesty's Council of State, arrived on the 17th of December, 1777, to announce that "His Majesty is fixed in his determination not only to acknowledge, but to support your independence by every means in his power."

This was the first great diplomatic triumph in our history. It was put into formal shape by treaty duly made the 6th of February following our only formal alliance. Its principal provisions were "to maintain effectually the liberty, sovereignty, and independence absolute and unlimited of the said United States" and that "neither of the two parties shall conclude either truce or peace with Great Britain without the formal consent of the other first obtained."

It is sufficient evidence of the impotency of old dogmas that the legend of "no entangling alliances" should have been disregarded to the saving of our very existence in the first treaty ever made—and now 140 years later again dis-

regarded for the safety of our first friend. For although it is not down on paper, no honest American can doubt that the old compact holds reciprocally to-day, and that we are bound to "maintain effectually the liberty, sovereignty, and independence" of France, and conclude no separate truce or peace with the Teuton.

CHAPTER THREE

FIGHTING FOR LIFE. THE BIRTH OF A NATION

The European Cabal Against Democracy—The United States Sends Out an All-American Team—Benjamin Franklin Plays Fair and Wins the Applause of His Opponents—John Jay Discovers a Plot and Throws His Instructions to the Winds—The Part Played by the Intercepted Dispatches of Marbois and the Secret Mission of Reyneval in American Independence—The Foundations of the Anglo-Saxon Solidarity.

IN SPITE of the doctrine of blood and iron and the playful maxims of an all-conquering destiny so artfully and universally spread through the German Empire by its princes, evidence is not lacking to-day that the people of that empire may be distinguished from its rulers in their aims and purposes and ideas of the war now raging. In recognizing

this distinction and in directing the fierce publicity of his open diplomacy toward the people over the heads of the Kaiser's star chamber, Woodrow Wilson is putting in practice a diplomatic precedent which is perhaps the greatest single step yet taken toward the liberation of the world from the scourge of national feuds and dynastic wars.

But in making this distinction between rulers and the human beings ruled, in the frank directness of his negotiations, and in the momentous decision by which he took the action which for the first time in history caused the raising of the Stars and Stripes in St. Paul's, London—in these actions for which he will be famous for all time, he was still only following the principles and the train of events laid by Benjamin Franklin in Paris, a long time ago.

Nurtured by the aggressive spirit of our public men from the Civil War to the Spanish War and by politicians anxious about the Irish and the German vote—as well as by a false sense that patriotism demanded an hereditary

and always-vanquished enemy—an uninformed public has held the belief that the victory of Yorktown ended the horrid British rule in America and set this country free fully equipped to sail a new and better sea. The exact facts of the matter are not quite so flattering to our pride, although they do in fact augur much better for our future and our civilization than does the popular version.

Yorktown fell before a combined American and French army in October, 1781. For the moment the military effort of the Hanoverian King in the thirteen Colonies had completely broken down. But even the most cursory view of the European situation at that date will show how far this event came short of settling the future of this country as a great independent liberal force in the world.

We were recognized at the time by two countries—France and Holland. The rest of the world under the rule of what we now consider despots, had not only no sympathy with us, but viewed this upstart republican government

with the gravest possible distrust and concern. As far as they were concerned, they wished us ill, except in so far as a revolt in her colonies embarrassed Great Britain, of whose power they were jealous. And they left us strictly alone, turning our ambassadors from their doors with the utmost incivility and contempt.

In establishing peace and commerce, our standing in the world community, and our national boundaries—upon the last of which our entire future power depended—we were at the mercy of five foreign forces:

1. The infinitesimal part of the French public that had any knowledge of or influence in Foreign affairs.
2. King Louis XVI and his circle of advisors.
3. The Spanish Court.
4. The English throne.
5. The voice of the English people.

To begin with, it is abundantly clear that in so far as the French people were concerned the

United States had the most cordial, almost vehement support, based upon a sympathy with the struggling ideals of personal liberty and human emancipation which has been dear to the hearts of both peoples ever since and has become an international tradition of the most binding kind. The advertising of this attitude and its presentation to the citizens of France were largely due to the extraordinary perception and abilities of Franklin.

But as a plain matter of fact the French public had about as much to say concerning their foreign policy as had an Irishman with England's under Edward III. Not only had the public no say, but not even the vaguest idea of what it was. As an active force in the tremendous decision to be reached, they had no more influence than the rest of the populace of Continental Europe, whose prevailing conviction was that the inhabitants of North America were bright red and wore feathers.

Vergennes was at the helm for Louis XVI. His policy is now clear enough. He had en-

tered the war and made an alliance with the United States solely to injure Great Britain. Since making his agreement with us he had made another with Spain—his true ally—which, as we shall see, was more dangerous to us than the Hessian forces of King George ever thought of being.

The Spanish Court was our deadly enemy, although at the moment fighting England under a secret treaty with France. And of course King George was beside himself with fury, resolved to crush the Colonies and with them English liberty.

Add to these circumstances the fact that in April, 1782, the English Admiral Rodney smashed the French naval power at Martinique, and that shortly after Lord Howe raised the siege of Gibraltar and ended the hopes of the Spaniards, and the difficulties of our peace commissioners become apparent.

These commissioners constituted a powerful team—probably the most powerful diplomatic trio ever sent forth into the world. They were

Franklin, old, wise, and tolerant; John Jay, young, impatient, and daring, already a great master of English law and keen analytical thinking; and John Adams—well, an Adams, that is to say a genius, whose uncompromising, provincial, stubborn, and cantankerous methods still succeeded because of his monumental earnestness and patent honesty.

Primarily their instructions were to insist upon absolute independence, and to consult and take the advice of the French Court in all negotiations.

They met Mr. Richard Oswald, sent by the British, to Paris. To begin with, it all looked bright. It was almost a family party. Oswald was a gentleman—friendly, courteous, even sympathetic, reasonable to a degree, and a charming companion. But before they had gone very far it developed that he was authorized to treat with the “United Colonies.” To be sure, he was to grant them independence. But John Jay would not listen to a word of it. He intended to be treated with as represent-

ing the United States, already independent.

So according to instructions he proceeded to Versailles to see the Secretary for Foreign Affairs to consult on this point. And his experience there showed him the exceedingly precarious position these infant United States were in:

“I observed to the Count that it would be descending from the ground of independence to treat under the description of colonies. He replied that a name signified little; that the King of Great Britain’s styling himself the King of France was no obstacle to the King of France treating with him; that an acknowledgment of our independence, instead of preceding, must in the natural course of events be the effect of the treaty, and that it would not be reasonable to expect the effect before the cause.”

Since, meantime, Oswald, the Englishman, as Jay says, “upon this, as upon every other occasion, behaved in a candid and proper manner,” which is to say, seemed inclined to agree

with the Americans, this position of the French whose help they counted upon, and whose advice they were ordered to follow, caused the greatest alarm. And this was increased a hundred fold by further developments.

For the Conde d'Aranda, a splendid nobleman from Arragon, ambassador of Spain, to whom France was primarily bound, condescended to allow John Jay to wait upon him. Jay's account is interesting, to show how the props were falling from beneath the American cause:

"He began the conference by various remarks on the general principles in which contracting parties should form treaties, on the magnanimity of his sovereign, and on his own disposition to disregard trifling considerations in great matters. Then opening Mitchell's large map of North America, he asked me what were our boundaries. I told him that the boundary between us and the Spanish Dominions was a line drawn through from the head

of the Mississippi down the middle thereof. * * * He entered into a long discussion of our right to such an extent * * * and proposed to run a longitudinal line on the east side of the river * * * A few days afterward he sent over the same map with his proposed line marked on in red ink. It ran from near the confines of Georgia, but east of the Flint River to the confluence of the Kanawa with the Ohio and thence round the western shores of Lakes Erie and Huron, and thence around Lake Michigan to Lake Superior."

Added to this contention of the Spaniards was the amazing proposition coming from an ally, that the country above the Ohio, if not Spanish, should remain British.

Jay went over and left this map with Vergennes and told him that it would not do at all. The consequence was that Jay was invited to dinner at the palace, to talk it over with Reynéval, Vergennes's secretary. And he came out boiling with indignation, and teeming with

suspicions. Reyneval had handed him a memorandum, of which this is the salient passage:

“If by the future treaty of peace, Spain preserves West Florida, she alone will be the sole proprietor of the course of the Mississippi from the thirty-first degree of latitude to the mouth of this river. Whatever may be the case with that part which is beyond this point to the north, the United States of America can have no pretensions to it, not being masters of either border to this river.”

This meant that the United States was to be confined for ever to the Atlantic coast, and not only not become a power, but was never even to open the Mississippi basin. And that our allies were insisting on these terms, while supposed to be aiding our cause. And this was the more accentuated by the receipt of a document put into his hands on Sept. 10th by an agent of the British government.

This was a dispatch from Barbé Marbois, French chargé d'affaires at Philadelphia, to the

Comte de Vergennes. Like most dispatches traversing the sea those days it had fallen prey to an English frigate, fished out of the sea where it had been thrown when in danger of capture. It revealed that the French were planning to prevent our purpose of sharing in the Newfoundland fisheries, "the cradle of seamen."

What all this meant, is put quite plainly by Jay himself:

"They are interested in separating us from Great Britain, and on that point we may, I believe, depend on them; but it is not their interest that we should become a great and formidable people, and therefore they will not help us become so. It is not their interest that such a treaty should be formed between us and Britain as would produce cordiality and mutual confidence."

Apparently the American diplomats were checkmated, and the United States destined to be a Costa Rica. For not even a Fourth of July orator will contend that, single handed

we could establish an empire in the face of France, Spain, and England.

What the American commissioners did, however, was simple enough. They went to Richard Oswald, and laid the matter frankly before him. And he agreed to send at once for new instructions to negotiate with a free and independent United States.

And then the plot thickened. These were hectic days for the Americans, two months from any instructions, with the destiny of not only America but the Anglo-Saxon and, as it now appears, perhaps of all the world in their hands, marooned in a babel of cabals and intrigues. On the 9th of September they received certain word that Reyneval was setting out for England in the greatest secrecy, and that the Conde d'Aranda had galloped out to Versailles in the greatest haste to confer with him before he left. No wonder it looked to John Jay as if the goose was to be cooked in London and carved by the three kings, with America left to freeze outside the door.

He never had much patience with instructions. Like Napoleon, who tore up his letters from the National Council, and Dewey who cut his cables, John Jay when on the war-path decided things for himself. From that date he neglected entirely to consult with Vergennes about anything. On the contrary he called on Benjamin Vaughan, private secretary to Lord Shelburne, Prime Minister of England, and laid the plot before him, sending him post haste like a second D'Artagnan to London, to circumvent Reyneval, and prevent the coup.

The question naturally is: Why did he suppose that he could save his country by confiding in the enemy?

This was because of a fact which is at the very foundation of our government, the one fundamental basis of our entire history, and the keynote of the present alignment of the nations in the fight for liberty.

The fact was that the English people were a power not only apart from but in opposition

to the King, and that this power was at that very moment arising in one of its periodic struggles for the destruction of royal prerogative and arbitrary rule. And that the Englishmen leading this battle realized that our War of Independence was the very backbone of their movement—that the American cause was their cause and the cause of freedom of peoples of the whole world.

Franklin's correspondence shows that he was in intimate and friendly relations with John Charles Fox, Lord Shelburne, Hartley, Oswald, Lord Chatham, Lord Rockingham, Conway, Adam Smith, the inheritors and champions of the Anglo-Saxon traditions and independence. And that so strong were these men that they openly said in the very halls of King George that "we heartily wish success to the Americans."

Richmond and Fox proclaimed their satisfaction over every British defeat in America. Walpole wrote:

"I rejoice that there is still a great continent

of Englishmen who still remain free and independent, and who laugh at the impotent majorities of a prostitute parliament."

Burke and Chatham openly proclaimed their correspondence with Franklin and held every "British and Hessian" victory over America to be a victory over British freedom.

The American historian Willis Fletcher Johnson points out that "Many British officers refused to serve against America, preferring to resign their commissions. Among these were: the eldest son of Lord Chatham, who had begun a most promising military career; Admiral Keppel, Lieutenant-General Sir Jeffrey Amherst; General Conway, afterward a field marshal; Lord Frederick Cavendish; and the Earl of Effingham, who was commended for his act by the city corporations of London and Dublin in public addresses."

Wharton says:

"When the question is asked, why did not the British ministry arrest men of this class when corresponding with the American legation—a question

often put by Hutchinson and other refugees in England—the answer, as elsewhere noticed, is, that they could not be arrested without arresting almost the whole Whig opposition.”

The personal part played by the perfect confidence these men had in Franklin, and the reward our great ambassador reaped for his candid, open, and friendly attitude is best emphasized by the event. On February 22, 1782, Conway’s famous address to the King resulted in a resolution in Parliament against further continuance of the war, and the fall of Lord North and the King’s party. Lord Rockingham became Prime Minister; Charles James Fox, Foreign Minister, and Lord Shelburne, at whose house Franklin’s messengers were accustomed to spend their time in England, Secretary for the Colonies, and master of the situation.

Now Shelburne regarded Franklin not only with the greatest confidence and esteem, but considered him the one great authority upon the whole movement. As a consequence, in

order to open peace negotiations, he discarded the entire crooked set of current diplomatic rules and methods, and cast about to find an ambassador who would be personally satisfactory to the philosopher. He chose one of Franklin's personal friends, Richard Oswald. He might as well have chosen an American. Oswald's sympathy for our revolution can be judged by his furnishing the enormous bail of \$250,000 for Henry Laurens, an American envoy who had been thrown into the Tower of London. The spirit of this negotiation, a magnificent precedent of fair dealing between peoples, can be shown by Shelburne's letter to Franklin. It not only shows the purpose of this new party in power to emancipate the Americans, but the unparalleled confidence they had in Franklin.

“Your letter discovering the same disposition, has made me send to you Mr. Oswald. I have had a longer acquaintance with him than I even had the pleasure to have with you. I believe him an honest man and, after consult-

ing some of our common friends, I have thought him the fittest for the purpose. He is a pacifical man and conversant in these negotiations, which are most interesting to mankind. * * * He is fully appraised of my mind, and you may give full credit to everything he assures you of. At the same time, if any other channel occurs to you, I am ready to embrace it. I wish to retain the same simplicity and good faith which existed between us in transactions of less importance."

Of course, the truth of the matter was that King George in his battle for autocratic power had been even worse beaten in England than in America, and that Franklin and Jay were not dealing with enemies at all. Shelburne's inclination, as well as far-sighted policy, was to create as powerful an independent country as possible, founded upon the same liberal ideals of government and conscience as his own, and knit as firmly to the old English stock as inheritance and language, tradition, religion, literature and commerce, laws, man-

ners and similar conceptions of truth, justice, and liberty could knit them.

This was his own statement, and this was the outcome. Independence was acknowledged, the treaty was signed without knowledge of the French Court, and we were given all we demanded. The wisdom of this decision was demonstrated not long ago when the first flotilla of American destroyers cleared for action and joined the British patrol in the Irish Sea.

CHAPTER FOUR

“TRADITIONS OF THE SERVICE”

Gouverneur Morris Takes a Hand in the French Revolution—His Memorandum to the King—The Man from Home Plans the Escape of Marie Antoinette—The Affair of the King’s Money and Papers—Coaching a Despot to Play Republican—The Embassy a Haven for Condemned *Aristos*—Invaded by the Commune—The Minister Arrested—All the Ambassadors Leave—“Better My Friends Should Wonder Why I Stay Than My Enemies Inquire Why I Went Away”—Morris Stands by His Post of Danger—The King’s Legacy Delivered in Vienna.

“**W**ENT to court this morning,” reads the ancient diary of an American gentleman. “Nothing remarkable, only they were up all night, expecting to be murdered.”

Not an unreasonable expectation either, that fatal summer of 1792, when bloody revolution ran riot through the streets of Paris, and the

guillotine worked overtime to prove the equality of men. Some Americans still harbour the belief that the berth of the American diplomat is a sinecure. The opinion is prevalent among the smart dilettanti at home, that he lacks polish and power to deal with the corps of trained statesmen at the seats of the mighty. It is a safe guess that they never knew the part played by Gouverneur Morris at the most magnificent court in the world—that they never heard of the confidence and dependence placed upon the shoulders of the diplomat from Harlem when hell broke loose in Versailles and the mighty house of Bourbon, the seat of all splendour, glory, and power began to fall.

Under the savage attacks of the rising terror, ministers and cabinets fell in a day, and craven flight or the knife severed the hosts of false friends or staunch adherents from the side of King Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, darling of the romancers. And so it came that the last of the great feudal kings was sorely in need of an honest man, a keen counsellor, and

a fearless friend. What did he know of insurgents—but to shoot them down? Or of the hearts and desires and wills of men—he who had fondly believed himself to be the state? (A delusion still prevalent in certain quarters.)

An assembly of lunatics, in national conclave, demanded a constitution. The Secretary for Foreign Affairs, the Comte de Montmorin de Saint-Hérem, repaired in haste to No. 488 Rue de la Planche, Faubourg, St. Germain. “Your Excellency, the American Minister, what is this demand for a constitution? Pray what is His Majesty to do about this?”

Wise Majesty to ask. The humorous and sturdy American, veteran of revolutions, dictated a memorandum. He also dictated a speech to be made by the King. It is not at all impossible that Carlyle would never have had occasion to write his immortal record, or the Scarlet Pimpernel to rescue the fair daughters of the ancient nobility from the fury of Robespierre, if the King had made use of Morris’s document.

But the Minister did not deliver it until too late. His regret is a matter of record. The party of assassination began mobilizing its brigands by the walls of Paris.

On the 17th day of July there was a brilliant dinner party at the embassy. The foreign ambassadors were there, and the Comte de Montmorin. The old diary says:

“In the evening M. de Montmorin takes me into the garden to communicate the situation of things and ask my opinion. I tell him that I think the King should quit Paris. He thinks otherwise, and fosters a thousand empty hopes and vain expectations.”

And at this point the American took a hand in the game. The King’s situation was more desperate than any situation in melodrama. In this dilemma he turned to Gouverneur Morris.

Among the obscure characters drawn into the councils of state by the mad political whirlwind was a M. Terrier de Monciel, whose associations were largely revolutionary. But

Morris knew his man—and in this dire extremity recommended the proud Bourbon to put his fate in de Monciel's hands. And then these two, Morris and de Monciel, called into council the hot-headed and rampant Étienne Brémond, docteur de la Sorbonne, and began, Richard Harding Davis fashion, to meddle with destiny, and to try to rewrite the tragedy.

The crazy mob broke into the palace of the Tuilleries and hazed the distracted King. He donned the red cap of insurrection, waved his wooden sword, and cheered his tormentors. There was no time to be lost, so Gouverneur Morris devised a plan. The King and the Queen were to make an escape. The Swiss Guard—that faithful and formidable company—left Courbevoie to cover the retreat. The route was planned to the last detail through the forest of Ardennes and the principality of Beaumont.

In camp there lay the Marquis de Lafayette, known to the Minister of old, reliable as Ajax.

The vacillation and inherited perversity of

the doomed King led him to hesitate until the right moment had passed, and the plot was revealed. So the ministers turned back to the arts of statecraft in an endeavour to turn the tide. And it is interesting to observe that in this most critical time of all French history, it was to the American Minister they turned for advice.

On the 22d of July the King asked whether Morris would take charge of the royal papers and the royal money, and on the 24th, de Monciel appeared at the embassy with 547,000 livres. Years afterward in Vienna the ambassador handed a portion of this sum to the Duchesse d'Angoulême—all that was left of the princely inheritance of the Bourbon dynasty to the daughter of Louis XVI.

By this time the King had become hardly more than a figurehead, a prisoner in his own palace. The Revolutionists had their minions in the cabinet, their brigands in the street, and their spies at every keyhole. At the risk of his life, Morris, at this juncture, undertook the

impossible task of coaching the hereditary despot to play the republican—the mind moulded in the form of arbitrary will to adopt the wiles of the politician and the forms of democratic cajolery and practice so familiar to the authors of the American Revolution. He sat up nights with the King's counsellors—de Montmorin, Bertrand de Moleville, de Monciel, and Brémont—framing speeches and measures with which to feed the Assembly and the Marseillais; letters to be written by the hidebound monarch to his captains and the Provinces—state documents which in other hands perhaps might have saved a kingdom.

It was of no avail. The expected explosion came on the 10th of August—and the constitutional and inevitable hesitation of the royal pygmy resulted in his deserting his own staunch defenders to be sacked with his castle, and himself to be seized and condemned to death.

This left Paris and France at the mercy of a mob-rule whose frightfulness has become a byword for all time. No man's life was worth

a song. Where kings are killed and beautiful young queens murdered, what chance for an alien and hostile ambassador?

It was at this juncture that Morris established the precedent and tradition of staying by his diplomatic post in time of danger, which has since been the infallible custom of the service—and particularly in Paris. His house became a centre of suspicion—and not without warrant, from the Jacobin point of view. He gave refuge there to *aristos* in distress, hiding for their lives. Armed men of the Commune invaded his house; he was arrested in the city on the most paltry excuses, and held up on any journey beyond the walls. It was a desperate and dangerous situation. In the end every European ambassador and minister left the accursed city, and the Stars and Stripes alone floated beside the tricolour in Paris. Morris's papers give some idea of his state of mind. He tells of his good-bye visit to the British Ambassador:

“The Venetian Ambassador has been

brought back and very ignominiously treated; even his papers examined, as it is said, *by him*. They (he and the British Ambassador) can't get passports. He is in a tearing passion. He has burned his papers, which I will not do."

To Thomas Jefferson he writes:

"The different ambassadors are all taking flight, and if I stay I shall be alone. I mean, however, to stay. * * * It is true that the position is not without danger, but I presume that when the President did me the honour of naming me to this embassy it was not for my personal pleasure or safety, but to promote the interests of my country."

A letter to his brother, General Morris, in London, says:

"The date of this letter will show you that I did not, as you hoped, abandon my post, which is not always a very proper conduct. * * * You are right in the idea that Paris is a dangerous residence. But it is better that my friends should wonder why I stay than my enemies inquire why I went away."

This sturdy example of Morris was followed by Elihu B. Washburne, Minister to France, at the time of the siege of Paris by the Prussians, and again by Myron T. Herrick when the official exodus from the French capital began to the tune of Von Kluck's guns in August, 1914. These last two faithful performances have become a part of that peculiar tradition of good will and affection between the French and the Americans which has always held the imaginations of the populace, even at times when the diplomats were pulling at the greatest odds.

CHAPTER FIVE

“TRADITIONS OF THE SERVICE” (*Continued*)

Elihu Washburne, Ambassador for the World During the Siege of Paris—The Commune Again—History Repeated—The Empress Eugénie Rescued from the Revolution by an American—The Coming of the Prussians—All the Foreign Envoys Pick Up Their Hats in a Hurry—The Deluge of Victims—The Secret Messenger of the Royal Family—The Gold of Prince Murat—Counsellor to the Republic—*Vive l'Amérique*—An Embassy Over a Mine and Under a Barricade.

HISTORIES of American diplomacy have little to say about Elihu Washburne. The reason is that he had small part in controversy and barter and popular assertion of American rights and demands. For this very reason his influence was all the greater. He devoted himself to the service of other people—a method of establishing pres-

tige which the world is beginning to recognize to be a thousand fold more potent than the selfish, grasping policy of the old chancellories, or the incessant rattling of the scabbard.

In milder form the dramas of the hectic days of Morris were played again in 1870. Washburne had a foretaste of the great task of protecting alien people in a war-ridden country which has since reflected such great credit upon our ambassadors abroad. At the outbreak of war he undertook the protection of the subjects of the North German Confederation, of Saxony, Darmstadt, and Hesse. His devotion and success not only won him the unstinted gratitude of Bismarck, and the German people—but in their behalf established a humane practice of handling enemy aliens on the part of the French Government that must bring a blush of shame to even the most callous Prussian contemplating the population of northern France which they have enslaved. The French readily agreed to send home all the Germans in Paris, except those capable of military duty.

But even this did not suit Washburne. He demanded, and finally obtained permission to send them all home, excepting only actual spies and soldiers.

Lulled by false reports, and riding on the buoyant crest of their native enthusiasm, the Parisians were thunderstruck by the sudden news that MacMahon had been completely crushed at Sedan, 40,000 men lost; that their army had been defeated before Metz and the Emperor captured. They reacted after their ancient pattern. Overnight the royal government was overthrown, and the inevitable mob made its roaring expedition to the ancient Tuilleries in quest of the Queen, even as it had done years before in the time of Marie Antoinette. The Empress Eugénie was quicker than her tragic predecessor to realize the resources of the benevolent neutral from Indiana. It was Prince Metternich of Austria, and the Cavaliere Nigra, the Italian Ambassador, that dashed her out of the palace. But the D'Artagnan that saved the Queen and turned

the tragedy into an American comedy was the man from home. Down the street a bit from the Embassy lived an American dentist, Dr. Evans. Plots and communes and revolutions, wars and sudden death are nothing to a dentist—at least to a Yankee dentist. In Evans's hands the Prince and the Ambassador deposited the precious and dangerous charge. Suffice it to say that a few days later, after his own method, he saw her safely aboard an English yacht bound for Dover, and returned casually to his business, unknown and unsung.

Washburne's diary records that under these circumstances, and with a state of siege imminent, all the ambassadors representing the European powers picked up their hats in a hurry and left Paris for Tours. The South American consuls followed suit, and left him in charge of the diplomatic business of the world at the capital of France.

His services to these many masters, unique at the time, were conducted with such ability as to endear him and the United States to a

major portion of the globe, and conducted in such patiently straightforward manner as to give him the confidence of all parties in France.

About midnight, on the 4th of September, 1870, when the streets were still full of the raging populace, a man appeared at the door of the Minister's residence on the Avenue Montaigne. It was the butler of Prince Murat, of the royal house of Napoleon. He presented the compliments of the Prince, and produced a bag of gold, for all the world as in an Arabian Nights' tale. He requested that the American take care of it for him through the whirlwind, as Morris had done for King Louis before him.

And at the same time, Jules Favre, Secretary for Foreign Affairs of the National Council, was consulting him daily upon the game to be played, and exhorting him in his own private capacity to fix up some kind of peace with the school of blood and iron.

Three days after the Revolution he officially recognized the Republic on behalf of the

United States. This brought the people to his door by the thousands, in a delirium of joy. Twelve deputations with drums and banners arrived in one day, and the Stars and Stripes blossomed forth all over the city, as from time to time they are accustomed to do, showing the emotional heart of those extraordinary people.

Of course, Washburne was in a most dangerous position. But apparently he enjoyed it. A sense of humour is not the least of the equipment of an American diplomat. He said, whimsically:

“To-day I found they were mining the streets. Pleasant little neighbourhood this. As I came home this evening I found them erecting a barricade. * * * So in a day or two we shall be between the upper and the nether millstones, besides being in a capital position to have a bomb fall upon us.”

All honour to Elihu B. Washburne. He upheld the traditions of Gouverneur Morris, who established the precedents of disinterested effort, and was a worthy representative of the

principles of duty and service without designs of reward or advantage which has come to be the crowning precept of American diplomacy.

CHAPTER SIX

THE BEARDING OF BONAPARTE. A LESSON IN SEA-POWER

Napoleon Steals Louisiana from the "Prince of Peace" and Organizes an Invasion of America Out of His Victorious Armies Led by Marshal Victor of the "Terrible Regiment"—Thomas Jefferson, Pacifist, Turns a Political Somersault—Rufus King Holds a Momentous Conference in London—Robert Livingston Throws a Challenge in the Face of a Great Conqueror—Napoleon in His Bath-Tub Makes History—James Monroe Goes to Purchase a Town and Returns with a Kingdom—America Saved by the British Fleet.

THROUGH the streets of Paris passed the splendid detachment of a victorious army to the roll of exultant drums. From balconies and towers bright banners were flung to the breeze. Along the quais and boulevards the excited populace cheered and sang and danced. They were drunk with the

delight of a world composed entirely of fabulous deeds and the wildest dreams of conquest and adventure. At every tavern could be found some veteran of forty battles, some humble Hannibal, equal to the mightiest of mythical heroes, telling his Odyssy. He fascinated the company with stories of the loot of cities and the flight of armies; the pageantry and treasures of the ancient kingdoms and the mysterious deserts laid at his feet in his incredible journeys. Fired to a frenzy by visions of destiny and glory more magnificent than ever conceived by Alexander, every child in France was parading his yard with a wooden sword and a white cockade, while his father packed his haversack and burnished his blade in pure delight of the coming argosy.

An empire was to be added to the diadem. And old grenadiers shook with anguish for fear they might be left behind in the expedition. For it was to be led by a tiger of a man, the fury of whose onsets left even Masséna petrified with astonishment and admiration.

A bloody and furious man in combat, but one cool and calculating in council. A master of artillery, taught by the one great master. To wit, a commander of Toulon, Laon, Dego, La Favorita; a hero of Rivoli, the conqueror at Mantua, leader of the "Terrible Regiment," veteran of Lodi and Arcola; in short, a captain of men, Victor Perrin, a Marshal of France.

The ships were at the shore. And it may interest the pacifists of Milwaukee to know that their beautiful neighbourhood was the objective of this crusade. New Orleans, the broad basin of the Mississippi, the fair fields of Kansas, the margins of the Great Lakes, and then eventually Canada and the Citadel of Quebec —these constituted no idle dream in the minds of the scalers of the Alps and the conquerors of Venice.

The danger that threatened the United States at this moment was the greatest it has ever faced. Napoleon Bonaparte's restless ambition, stirred by the recollection of the

former power of France in America had conceived the idea of reclaiming the ancient discoveries of La Salle and striking at England through the valleys of the great river. He was setting forth upon the operation, which Theodore Lyman says justly and emphatically belonged to the first class of profound comprehensive plans. He had at his command the finest army in the world. To dream even that our hasty lines of volunteers could meet this super-soldier and his veterans of twenty victorious pitched battles would be ridiculous. For a few months of his extraordinary reign he was at peace with the world, and had under his orders the combined fleets of France and Spain to transport his stores and his army.

He was to make his landing at New Orleans. This in itself would have been simple enough, much as it might infuriate this country. For New Orleans belonged ostensibly to Spain, but really to him. He was coming under colour of title. But more to the point, from a military point of view, he would be

landing where he already had possession, and could meet with no opposition.

The United States was in an uproar. The more so that they did not know what to expect. For while the soldier prepared to strike, he employed a professional liar, an inscrutable and double-faced poker player named Talleyrand, to temporize and conceal his intentions. This gentleman, who held the position of Minister for Foreign Affairs, acted accordingly.

At the time this scheme was concocted, New Orleans, including both banks of the Mississippi for some miles, as well as the coast of the Gulf of Mexico to Florida, and the entire country west of the river, belonged to Spain. This was in the year 1800. Although it belonged to Spain without a question, the hardy frontiersmen west of the Blue Ridge had determined to seize it, willy-nilly, and the government at Washington, albeit an ultra-democratic and pacific administration, was obliged to take the same view. They were straining every nerve to buy New Orleans, or make some

sort of Bryanite compromise that would keep the Westerners from invading the town. They were not in such a fearful hurry, because any one could see that Spain was on the decline, and would lose the territory sooner or later from pure senility and impotence.

At the court of Spain was a crafty and clever rascal named Godoy, who boasted the title of "The Prince of Peace." He was the favourite of the Queen, and had control of the tiller of state, the King being little better than a nincompoop, and as helpless as a ward in chancery. When Napoleon made one of his dynamic decisions to secure Louisiana, it was to this bounder that he made his proposition. It was an offer to buy. Very much the same sort of proposition the Standard Oil is credited with having made in its palmy days: "You'll take what I give you, for your health."

What he offered was the Kingdom of Etruria for the Royal Spanish Duke of Parma and one of Talleyrand's celebrated promises that France would not sell Louisiana to any one

else. That the Kingdom of Etruria belonged to the Duke of Tuscany, and that Talleyrand's promises were an international joke made no difference to Napoleon. The Prince of Peace squirmed and stalled. John Adams, who knew everything, and wrote it in his diary, says he was as cool and adroit as a picador manœuvring before a maddened bull. He bribed Lucien Bonaparte, the First Consul's brother, who had been sent to close the deal. He put off the signing of the deed by every subterfuge known to diplomacy. Napoleon knew how to handle this. Whatever he was, he was not a bluffer. His next dispatch was in his most masterful style:

“It is at the moment when the First Consul gives such strong proofs of his consideration for the King of Spain and places a prince of his house upon the throne which is fruit of the victories of French arms, that a tone is taken toward the French Republic such as might be taken with impunity toward the Republic of San Marino.”

This, from a man whose cannon balls invariably followed his dispatches, was too much for the Prince of Peace. He had the deed made without delay, and delivered, as agreed, in the greatest secrecy. Needless to add that the Duke of Parma never got his kingdom, and that the other promise was never even noticed thereafter.

Napoleon then notified Decrès, his Minister of Marine, that his intention was to take possession of Louisiana in the shortest possible time, and gave orders as follows:

“Let me know the number of men you think necessary, both infantry and artillery. Present me a plan for organizing the colony, both military and civil, for works, fortifications, etc. Make a map of the coast from St. Augustine to Mexico, and a geographical description of the different counties of Louisiana, with resources of each.”

He then sent 10,000 men and a famous general to subdue the Island of Santo Domingo for a base and, as we have seen, began mobil-

izing a splendid corps under Marshal Victor for the main event.

Meanwhile, we had as minister in Paris one of the ablest of the galaxy of Revolutionary stars. Robert R. Livingston, of the famous New York family, was of ambassadorial calibre second to none. He began to suspect this transfer. He knew at all events that some dangerous intrigue was in the air. He wrote to James Madison, Secretary of State, on January 13, 1802:

“By the secrecy and duplicity practised relative to this object, it is clear to me that they apprehend some opposition on the part of America to their plans.

“There never was a government where less could be done by negotiations than here. There are no people, no legislature, no counsellors. One man is everything. * * * He seldom asks advice and never hears it unasked. His ministers are mere clerks, and his legislature and counsellors parade officers.”

There it is. Historically it is small wonder

we are throwing our weight against the Hohenzollerns. Since the beginning of the Republic the one-man despotism has been incessantly planning our destruction in secret. It is now our final determination to be rid of predatory powers that consult neither parliaments nor peoples, and apart from the principles involved, hard historical experience has shown us that it is only from such as these that our democratic government and our peaceful country is endangered. Napoleon was the first. The Kaiser is the last. But there were many in between, of whom, more hereafter.

Thomas Jefferson was President. Passionately followed by many, and hated with fury by others from that day to this, he was the founder of the great school of government of which Woodrow Wilson is the latest exponent. The careers of the two men in the presidential chair bear a striking resemblance.

In domestic affairs Jefferson was the devoted champion of "the plain people," whose ambition to translate the simple philosophy of

Christian justice and fair dealing into legislative enactment was the more startling to entrenched “special privilege” because with all his democratic convictions he rode a pusillanimous Congress with an iron bit and cruel spurs.

In foreign affairs he believed with the pacifists that armies and navies were useless. He also held the opinion, derived from his dislike of their manners, that the English were a people to be rude to. Otherwise his idea of diplomacy consisted of sympathy for the French Revolution and an uneasy conscience with regard to his impossible Spanish-American neighbours.

He was unable to reconcile their haughty unreasonableness, his constituent’s warlike intentions, and his own earnest desires for the “rule of reason.”

When he received the intelligence from Livingston that Napoleon had secretly purchased the Middle West and the mouth of the Mississippi he turned a political and philosophical somersault. Those who supposed, because

he was patient and tolerant that he was weak, or because he was mistaken that he had to be consistent, were given a shock. He called for 80,000 volunteers. He began to build his navy. He saw and acted upon the one obvious and constant proposition in our whole diplomatic history. Which was—and is—that the only force on earth that prevented our humiliation at will was the navy of Great Britain. And he forgot all about his “no alliance” shibboleth, and his antipathy to the snug little island.

The historian says that he attempted to gain Louisiana by intimidation and guile. And adds that “when Bonaparte was the one to be frightened and Talleyrand the one to be hoodwinked, the naïveté of the proceedings becomes rather ludicrous.”

The only reason this view was ever adopted has been that our chroniclers have been loath to grant the inestimable obligation we were under to the English. It was not a bluff that Jefferson made even though birds were still

roosting in the pines that were to make his navy, and 80,000 soldiers were still on paper. He made a threat—and a threat so powerful that even Napoleon might think twice before he defied it.

But first he had recourse to London. From Rufus King, at that capital, he obtained the artillery for his defence. King informed him that Mr. Addington, then Secretary for Foreign Affairs, had frankly stated that in case a war should happen, it would be one of England's first steps to take New Orleans. He made it very plain that they would not keep it, but that they would give it to the United States. He concluded that America could rest assured that nothing should be done injurious to her interests.

So Mr. Jefferson, armed with the control of the Atlantic, and the guns of his brother, began a diplomatic duel with the Young Conqueror. He sent James Monroe to Paris on March 8, 1803, with instructions to buy New

Orleans. So much for the rule of reason. His intimidation was conveyed in another document, by no means either naïve or ludicrous. It said:

“If the French Government, instead of friendly arrangements or views, should be found to meditate hostilities, or to have formed projects, which will constrain the United States to resort to hostilities, such communications are then to be held with the British Government, as will sound its dispositions and invite its concurrence in the war. * * *”

A later dispatch of Jefferson’s shows that the eternal struggle against despotism is not new, and that it is no novelty to find the Anglo-Saxon shoulder to shoulder with America in the cause:

“From the moment that France takes possession of New Orleans * * we must marry ourselves to the British Fleet and Nation. We must turn all our attention to a maritime force, * * and having formed and connected together with a power which may render rein-

forcements of her settlement here impossible to France, make the first cannon which shall be fired in Europe the signal for the tearing up of any settlement she may have made, and for holding the two continents of America in sequestration for the common purposes of the United British and American Nations."

But at this point the analogy between the Kaiser and Napoleon ends. The Little Corporal made his decisions like lightning. But if they were wrong, like lightning he reversed them. And it didn't take him three years to find out his mistakes.

Let us now return to Paris, where the expeditionary legion was expected hourly to start, and where a popular assembly was pointing with pride to a great new dominion.

For a moment, that bright morning of April 7th, all was quiet on the Place de la Concorde. Ministers had an hour's breathing spell. Pages might yawn behind the statuary. The brilliant-coated guards might stand at ease, and couriers, booted and spurred, snatch

a drink and a kiss at the Sign of the Dead Rat. An unwonted calm pervaded the ancient palace of the wicked Catherine de Médicis. For the Great Napoleon was taking his bath.

If I am obliged to introduce this incomparable soldier, this astute diplomat, this “Prince of Adventurers,” clad in no greater majesty than water pearly and aromatic with salts and perfumes, it is not my fault. It is there that history discovers him, disclosing for the first time high reasons of state why the Conqueror of the World will not face T. Jefferson and his four frigates drawn up in dry-dock in the interests of Universal Peace.

There was a scratch on the door. It was his valet Rustan’s signal. The door opened, and in went two brothers of the bathing Consul. They were Lucien and Joseph. They had heard some rumour that Louisiana was to be deserted. They rushed up in the name of the Chamber of Deputies to forbid the alienation of the people’s territory. Ensued a scene not only illuminating the diplomatic contest under

review, but instructive of the arbitrary methods which were at once Napoleon's grandeur and his curse:

“After some preliminary discussion Joseph at last broke in quite brusquely:

“‘Well, you say nothing about your famous plan.’

“‘Yes,’ said the First Consul, * * * ‘only take note, Lucien, I have made up my mind to sell Louisiana to the Americans. * * *’

“* * * But it is too unconstitutional.’

“These precise words were then thundered forth, according to Lucien Bonaparte's account:

“‘Constitution! Unconstitutional! Republic! National Sovereignty! Great words—fine phrases! Do you think you are still at the Club of St. Maximin? We are past that, you had better believe. *Parbleu!* You phrase it nobly. Unconstitutional! It becomes you well, Sir Knight of the Constitution, to talk that way to me. * * * Go on—go on. That's quite too fine a thing to be cut short, Sir Ora-

tor of the Clubs. But at the same time take note of this, you and Monsieur Joseph, that I shall do just as I please; that I detest without fearing them—your friends the Jacobins, not one of whom shall remain in France if, as I hope, things continue to rest in my hands—and that, in fine, I snap my fingers at you and your national representation.’”

If this is illuminating in showing the gentle democratic nature of the gentleman we had to deal with, another passage of the same conversation settles definitely why he proposed to relinquish this kingdom:

“‘It was certainly worth while,’ urged Napoleon, ‘first, to sell when you could what you were certain to lose. For the English, who have seen the Colony given back to us with great displeasure, are aching for a chance to capture it, and it will be their first *coup de main* in case of war. * * * You see our land forces have fought and will fight victoriously against all Europe. But as to the sea, my dear fellow, you must know that there we have

to lower the flag—we and all the powers on the continent. America perhaps some day—; but I'll not talk of that. The English navy is and long will be too dominant; we shall not equal it.' ”

So it appears that the First Consul was entirely of Jefferson's opinion. And that Jefferson was quite right in his violent determination not to have him as a neighbour, that is, if bland contempt for parliaments and constitutions was one sign of a citizen undesirable in Montana, then as now.

Napoleon had one kind of intelligence seldom granted to those of intrenched authority—whether political or financial. He could see the storm coming, and could yield in time with grace and enthusiasm. Talk had no interest for him.

So he called in the Marquis de Barbé-Marnois, one-time Minister to the United States and jerked out some of his pithy phrases at him:

“I know the worth of Louisiana. * * * I

have recovered it on paper through some lines in a treaty; but I have hardly done so when I am about to lose it again. The English * * * have already twenty vessels in the Gulf of Mexico. They swagger over those seas as sovereigns. * * * The conquest of Louisiana will be easy if they will only take the trouble to descend upon it, * * * even a short delay will leave me nothing but a vain title to transmit to those Republicans, whose friendship I seek. Irresolution and deliberation are no longer in season. It is not only New Orleans I will cede; it is the whole colony without reservation. * * * I direct you to negotiate this affair with the envoys of the United States * * * have an interview this very day with Mr. Livingston. * * * I want 50,000,000 francs, and for less than that sum I will not treat." •

It now developed upon Livingston and James Monroe, who had been sent to collaborate with him, to conduct this momentous project with Barbé-Marbois. They had instruc-

tions to buy New Orleans. They had the British Fleet up their sleeves. But those who presume that our ambassadors have been an ornamental and negligible quantity in the fate of this country would do well to observe that these men, weeks away from home, took upon themselves the purchase of this great territory without a scrap of orders. The details of these ambassadorial contests always have a great interest.

Livingston describes the opening thus: "While he (Monroe) and several other gentlemen were at dinner with me, I observed the Minister of the Treasury walking in my garden. * * * While we were taking coffee he came in, and after being some time in the room, we strolled into the next room, when he told me * * * that he thought I might have something particular to say to him, and had taken the first opportunity to call on me."

We have the advantage of Livingston as the great international bargain began. The beginning was ingenious enough, considering

that Barbé-Marbois had Napoleon's order to sell without delay. But Livingston and Monroe didn't know that. And they proceeded to the point and "stated the consequence of any delay on this subject, as it would enable Britain to take possession, who would readily relinquish it to us."

Barbé-Marbois countered with his version of Napoleon's conversation. He reported the First Consul to have said: "Well, you have charge of the treasury, let them give you one hundred million, and pay their own claims and take the whole country."

Right then and there, to all intents and purposes, this tremendous matter determining the destiny of our country was as good as settled. The commissioners knew that they had won. The negotiations now descended from the plane of battle and wars and dynasties into a first-rate bargain-counter dispute as to price. Monroe determined to go as far as 50,000,000 francs on his own responsibility. He offered forty.

On April 30th, 1803, the convention was signed. James Monroe and Robert R. Livingston had been sent to buy a town. They brought back a kingdom richer than Babylon and broader than France. The price was 60,000,000 francs, and the assumption by the United States of the then existing claims of Americans against France for depredations on the high seas.

From the great champion of Continental tyranny in the Nineteenth Century had been wrung the training ground whence in the Twentieth were to come armies to help deal the final blow to that same kind of tyranny.

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE HUMILIATION OF IMPOTENCE. A STUDY IN PIRACY

The “Shadow of God” and “Emulator of Alexander” Writes a Dispatch to “The Amiable James Monroe, Emperor of America”—Courtly Frightfulness, vs. Truculent Pacifism—John Adams has a Pleasant Chat with a Pirate in London—An Algerian Price List of American Sailors—Boston Mariners Left in Turkish Slavery—The Diplomatic Triumph of a Courteous Murderer—Blackmail the Alternative of a Navy—The Portrait of George Washington—Stephen Decatur Demonstrates the Persuasive Value of Gunpowder in Diplomatic Discourse.

DURING the year 1816 the President of the United States received an amiable and condescending message from a subaltern of the greatest person that ever lived. That is, if we can believe his own modest description of himself, constituting the

leading paragraph of the wonderful letter:

“With the aid and assistance of Divinity, and in the reign of our sovereign, the asylum of the world, powerful and great monarch, transactor of all good actions, the best of men, the shadow of God, director of the good order, King of Kings, supreme ruler of the world, Emperor of the Earth, emulator of Alexander the Great, possessor of great forces, sovereign of the two worlds and of the seas, King of Arabia and Persia, Emperor, son of an Emperor and Conqueror, Mohammed Khan (may God end his life with prosperity, and his reign be everlasting and glorious), his humble and obedient servant, actual sovereign governor and Chief of Algiers, submitted for ever to the orders of his Imperial Majesty’s noble throne, Omar Pasha (may his government be happy and prosperous).

“To his Majesty, the Emperor of America, its adjacent dependent provinces and coasts, and wherever his government may extend, our noble friend, the support of the Kings of the

Nation of Jesus, the pillar of all Christian sovereigns, the most glorious among the princes, elected amongst many lords and nobles, the happy, the great, the amiable James Madison, Emperor of America (may his reign be happy and glorious, and his life long and prosperous), wishing him long possession of the seal of his blessed throne, and long life and health, Amen. Hoping that your health is in good state, I inform you that mine is excellent, thanks to the Supreme Being, constantly addressing my humble prayers to the Almighty for your felicity."

Could anything be more polite and ingratiating than this?

He continued in the same pleasant and genial vein to say that he had been delighted to receive the American Ambassador (Stephen Decatur, who had arrived with the guns of three warships trained on the palace) and to make a treaty such as he suggested. But he regretted to say that for a slight objection this

treaty was not entirely “practical” and, in consequence:

“I inform you, therefore, that a treaty of peace having been signed between America and us, during the reign of Hassan Pasha, twenty years past, I propose to renew said treaty on the same basis stipulated in it, and if you agree to it, our friendship will be solid and lasting.

“I intended to be on higher terms of amity with our friends the Americans than ever before, being the first nation with whom I made peace; * * * we hope that with the assistance of God you will answer this our letter, immediately after you shall have a perfect knowledge of its contents. * * *

“Requesting only that you will have the goodness to remove your consul as soon as possible, assuring you that it will be very agreeable to us. These are our last words to you, and we pray God to keep you in his holy guard.

“Written in the year of the Hegira 1231,

the 20th day of the moon Dge Mazirl Covel,
corresponding to 1815, April 24th. Signed
in our well-beloved city of Algiers.

“OMAR, Son of Mohammed,
Conquerer and Great.”

We recommend this dispatch to our friend Francisco Villa, and other kindred spirits of the chaparral, as an improvement on their own method of communication. They need not be too proud to receive lessons in procedure from Omar, Son of Mohammed. As a practitioner of the Trade of Frightfulness and a successful follower of the business of freebooting, he still remains without a peer. Beside him the Mexican is a kindergarten teacher. It is true that Omar was a seafaring man. But all the more must have been his natural temptation to use dreadful and furious language. Being a master in the pastime of robbing and enslaving trustful and helpless Americans, he must have had some weighty diplomatic reason for the poetical and gentle nature of his dispatches.

It is a strange thing that every generation has to learn its lessons by experience. Even a slight study of the career of the Dey of Algiers would have saved two classes of modern theorists a great deal of brain fag and needless expensive experiments. To the believer in the doctrines of the divine right of plunder and the joys of running amuck, the learned Moslem would have taught that the most efficient vocal accompaniment is by no means nasty language, bluff, bluster, and threats. On the contrary, these have a way of arousing and multiplying enemies beyond endurance. The proper way is to be polite—and to speak in tones so excessively soft and reasonable, not to say flattering, that only the basest sceptic can doubt their beneficence.

The other class of theorists would have ceased to exist upon such a study. These are the ever-increasing lovers of humanity who carry the principles of fair play and justice to the conclusion that, if let alone, "all men" will respond in kind, and who believe in conse-

quence that any resort to force for the protection of the lives and property of citizens is foolish in policy, if not wicked in morals.

Before being disillusioned by the apparition of Napoleon and the assumption of responsibility, which is a great dispeller of illusions, Thomas Jefferson might fairly be catalogued among the latter class. His chief abomination was a navy, and the foundation of his faith that ultimate good-will was to be found in all men who were fairly treated. Those who believe the same to-day will be sorry to learn how this worked in Algiers.

The entertaining dispatch above quoted came along toward the end of the chapter, and is given more as an example of a diplomatic curiosity than as part of the story. But in this connection it is worth observing that this cheerful document was in exact fact an ultimatum from this jovial despot to the effect that he would immediately waylay and capture all American merchantmen venturing beyond Gibraltar and enslave the crews in lieu of a big

ransom, unless the United States agreed to pay him a small matter of \$21,000 a year tribute, as we had paid the late lamented Hassan Pasha (may the grace of God rest his beautiful soul). That an Algerian pirate on the sands of Africa should have had the nerve to address such a demand, even in poetic prose, to the President of the United States, involves a disgraceful story, which we certainly would not print, except for the benefit of the theorists and pacifists aforementioned. And to prove for our own satisfaction the impotence of language as the only national ordnance. At the same time the delicate attention paid our envoys and the courtly language of the pirate's communications make a picture so charming as almost to spoil the moral.

The Dey of Algiers, the Emperor of Morocco, the Bey of Tripoli, and Hamouda Pasha, a ruler of Tunis, under the firm name of the Barbary States, constituted in themselves the foremost and most celebrated institute of piracy ever seen on the globe. Operating from

scenes famous since the dim ages of the Argonauts, from among the ruins of the most splendid kingdoms of antiquity, along those dreamy shores of the Mediterranean “where may be traced the track of the hero of more than one epic,” the fleet corsairs of these mediaeval sultans made a romantic picture and added variety and interest to those fond of wild adventure and desperate escapes. To all others that passed through the Pillars of Hercules they were a curse and terror. The sight of their sails and the Turk’s Head on the horizon was signal for utter despair. The barest record of their atrocities would not bear repetition.

In the year 1783 the jolly old Dey was astonished to observe a new flag serenely sailing down the coast. No armoured convoy was in sight. His treasurer recorded no goodly tribute giving license to Stars and Stripes to sail the seas. The impudence of the performance was astounding. Hardly conceiving that good fortune of such easy prey could continue, the

Dey held communion with his partners. The immediate result was a conversation in London between John Adams and a suave and tawny gentleman from Tripoli "who addressed him with much condescension and patronage." Johnson goes on to say that "the Tripolitan conceded that America might be a great country, but he pointed out that its ships could not navigate the Mediterranean Sea without the permission of the Barbary States. He was willing to negotiate a treaty between the United States and Tripoli for \$150,000, or with all four of the Barbary States for \$600,000." When Adams tried to reduce the price, the Corsair in the most urbane manner suggested that he had actually forgotten the most important item of all, a small matter of 10% for himself.

The feelings of sturdy old John Adams must have been apoplectic in being compelled to conduct such a negotiation—and all the more at its failure. For while Congress would

not fight, it could not pay any such sum as this. But if this blackmail was bad, worse was to come.

In the following July the long-suffering Dey sent forth eight sails through the Strait of Gibraltar on a merry hunt. These fell in with the schooner *Maria*, of Boston. Scimitar in hand the buccaneers swarmed over the rail and had Isaac Stephens, captain, Alex Forsythe, mate, and six Gloucester seamen tied hand and foot without time to struggle. The good ship *Dauphin*, of Philadelphia, fell foul of the outfit on the way home. The delighted Corsair captain confiscated the Yankee boats and the cargoes and packed the twenty-one sailors as slaves into the interior—and waited.

It is disgusting to relate that instead of a broadside of round shot, after so long a time there turned up among the minarets two “ambassadors” sent by Adams from London, Messrs. Lamb and Randall. The old pirate received them with great ceremony and marked

hospitality. He was very attentive and agreeable. He opened the conversation by saying that he had followed with interest the exploits of their illustrious countryman, General Washington, and felt a great admiration of his conduct. That since he never expected to see him, if Congress would do him the favour to send him a full-length portrait of that celebrated person, he would hang it in a good light in his palace at Algiers.

In regard to the captives, the Dey was as cordial as any good merchant to a valuable customer. He allowed that captives were becoming more and more expensive to get, but that he would make a special discount for the sake of new trade, and concluded with a magnanimous schedule of prices, as follows:

3 Captains, \$6,000 each	\$18,000
2 Mates, \$4,000 each	8,000
2 Passengers, \$4,000 each	8,000
14 Seamen, \$1,400 each (a bargain).	19,600

	\$53,600

Expense of Catching and Keeping	
Aforesaid	5,896
 	<hr/>
Total Bill	\$59,496

The Americans had been authorized to pay \$200 apiece. Failing to purchase back their countrymen, they tried to beg them back.

The American sailors were left in slavery.

Whether this inconceivable action was the result of a “peace policy” or of the theory then prevailing against the building of a fleet, it is equally disgraceful. The diplomats of the period had their fill of endeavours to treat with brigands without any recourse to force. Their next move was more humiliating still. Failing themselves, they turned to a European “Society for the Redemption of Captives,” a holy order that made a business of alleviating as far as possible the horrors of this bondage in Turkey. This order informed the Continental Congress that it would be of no use to try to get the prisoners for a reasonable sum if money and letters were continually sent to better their

lot, because this gave the pirates an idea that they were "valuable." So the next step taken by this peace party was actually to refuse the modest drafts of a Spanish gentleman helping to keep life endurable for the slaves, and the issuance of strict instructions that the poor creatures should be made to suppose they had been left to their fate, the more to make the Dey anxious for his bargain.

This didn't work either.

Finally, on the 4th of March, 1789, George Washington was elected President of the United States. His inclination on the subject was definite enough. But he is not the only commander-in-chief of the forces of the United States who has had to face a bad situation without any forces. Congress had recently taken the precaution to *sell* the only warship they owned, and had again commissioned the holy order to go and reason with the Moslems. Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State, now felt that these poor sailors had suffered enough. He commissioned John Paul Jones, of all peo-

ple, to go on a mule to try once again to buy them back. How this suited the Captain of the *Bonhomme Richard* is not recorded—except that he died immediately, before he started.

Meantime, half the wretched victims also had died, and the rest sent a plea to their country that would have melted a stone Moloch. In 1793, the Dey had a banner year. He gathered in a hundred and five more American citizens.

The utter futility of diplomatic action with these gentry had one obvious and beneficial result. Public opinion in the country would no longer stand such a pitiful attitude. And when the patriarch of these enslaved mariners from Boston wrote, "Your Excellency will perceive, that the United States has at present no alternative, than to fit out with the greatest expedition thirty frigates and corsairs in order to stop those sea robbers in capturing American vessels," the navy of the United States was born. In 1794 Congress author-

ized the President to build six frigates. Three of them were actually completed before that valiant body retracted—three that were destined to put the fear of God into more different kinds of scalawags than all the resolutions of Congress put together from that day to this—the *Constitution*, the *United States* and the *Constellation*.

They were not done in time, however, to keep us from paying the cordial old Dey \$642,500 cash, commissions, presents, etc., for the release of American citizens, and for signing what he called a treaty. By this document he agreed to let American ships sail in peace—and we agreed to give him a matter of \$21,000 worth of naval stores and other friendly little gratuities every year.

The amazing attitude of “forbearance” and supine pacifism taken by our government was not ended even then. The following incident, related by Lyman, seems almost incredible—incredible that the government would tolerate it.

“In October, 1800, the Dey signified to the

(American) Consul his intention of sending an ambassador to the Porte, with the customary presents, in the *Washington*, a small American frigate, at that time lying in the harbour of Algiers. It may well be imagined that the proposal was an awkward and offensive one. The United States had neither consul nor minister at Constantinople, nor any sort of treaty with any of the Italian states, with some of whom Algiers was then at war. * * * To the representations, both judicious and reasonable, made on this occasion, the Dey threatened war, plunder, and captivity, and declared he had selected the *Washington* to transport the embassy as a special compliment. * * * The proclamation of his Highness's pleasure was further accompanied with another proposal, also of an embarrassing nature, to hoist the piratical flag of the Algerines at the main top gallant mast head of the frigate. It was in vain the barbarian was informed that the act would throw the frigate out of commission; neither the Dey nor his Minister of Marine

would curtail a tithe of the demand, and this Corsair flag, bearing the turbanned head of Hali, was run up to the main with a salute of seven guns—a compliment that cost the United States 40,000 dollars."

There is one way, and only one, to treat with a certain class of persons. And they are met with periodically by all nations—as well as all men. Our old friend, Omar, Son of Mohammed, was one of these. And the proof of it is that when he finally got his treatment he ceased to be a leading figure in either buccaneer or diplomatic circles.

It came about this way. Concluding that the \$378,363 received by him and his illustrious predecessor Pasha was after all a paltry pitance to get out of such a healthy coward as the U. S. A., he concluded he would like to have \$27,000 more. His annual gift also caused him some slight disappointment. So in the most polished manner he invited Mr. Lear, our consul, to depart at once, and sent forth his trusty admiral, Ruis Hammida, Son

of the Desert, with the whole Algerine Squadron to kidnap some more Yankees.

But he selected an unfortunate moment. This was in 1812, and American merchantmen were not venturing abroad. He got a bag of only eleven prisoners. But as soon as the war was over he learned his lesson, as mentioned above. While his pirate fleet was all at sea, one fine afternoon there appeared at the very gates of his palace the American Squadron, veterans of battles famous in history, commanded by Commodore Bainbridge. And on board was a novel and unwelcome kind of diplomat, named Stephen Decatur. He was very brusque and rude to the "Asylum of the World." He said he had come to make a treaty, the principal article of which was that "no stipulation for paying any tribute to Algiers under any form whatever will be agreed to." The outraged Son of Mohammed wanted time to consider it. "Not a minute," said Decatur. It being manifest that this rude ambassador was looking forward with ill-con-

cealed pleasure to operating his guns, by lunch time the outraged monarch signed the treaty.

After the squadron left, the shrewd old sinner of course concluded that he had made a grave mistake in ever leaving his former graft. So he cooked up an excuse, drew his flotilla around him, and forthwith dispatched the diplomatic paper given at the beginning of this chapter.

Further diplomatic discourse was interrupted by the arrival of Lord Exmouth with a British fleet of twenty sail. The Dey had come to believe his own description of his powers, and had put the British Consul in jail. And without any preliminaries the Admiral opened twenty broadsides on the towers of Algiers, and knocked the place into a rubbish heap.

After the receipt of fifty-one thousand round shot the Dey came out and swept the ground with his beard, opened up his jails, and turned cynic. One immediate consequence was his signature to a paper tendered him by Commodore Chauncy, U. S. N., reading as follows:

“The President of the United States and the Dey of Algiers, being desirous to restore and maintain, upon a stable and permanent footing, the relations of peace and good understanding between the two powers, and for this purpose to renew the treaty of peace and amity which was concluded between the two states by William Shaler and Commodore Stephen Decatur * * * and his Highness Omar Pasha, Dey of Algiers * * * etc.”

It is hardly possible that this sort of game could be played on us again by so small a band of freebooters. But there is abundant evidence available that the process of evolution has not yet advanced the human race to the point where the same tactics are impossible in the hands of more powerful, if less courteous, marauders. And it is just as well to remember that there is only one kind of diplomacy effective with such gentry. And one kind of diplomat, best exemplified in the person of Stephen Decatur.

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE BATTLE FOR DEMOCRACY. AN ANGLO-SAXON INHERITANCE

George Canning Reveals a Plot for the Extermination of Democracy—Richard Rush Sends James Monroe a Literary Bomb-Shell—The Emperors of Europe Combine for Conquest of America—The Duke of Wellington Proves a Tartar—England Makes a Proposition—Thomas Jefferson Proposes to Marry the British Fleet—The Solid Front of the Anglo-Saxon—James Monroe Throws Down a Challenge to Royalty—Ambitions Sunk in the Waters of Trafalgar.

EARLY in August, 1823, George Canning, Minister for Foreign Affairs of Great Britain, sent for Richard Rush, a representative of the United States, and informed him that the Holy Alliance, in the greatest secrecy, had determined to subjugate the Central and South American communities that had recently revolted from Spain.

This was a startling revelation.

To the American mind it would carry terrible consequences in its train. It meant the political control of America in the hands of the kings of Europe. It meant the forcible and final introduction of the monarchical system of government on this continent. It represented a death blow throughout the world to the expansion of the right of revolution and the principles of the "will of the governed." And not least, the ultimate prospect that "we should have to fight upon our own shores for our own institutions."

In order to realize the nature of the catastrophe thus suddenly presented to our minister, it is necessary to examine the nature, purpose, and power of this sanctimonious league.

It consisted primarily of their majesties the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, and the Czar of Russia, all three dominated by the "biggest rascal and liar" in Christendom, the celebrated Prince Metternich, Minister of Austria. Every little while this "voting trust" of

kings would meet under conditions of the most rigid secrecy and lay down the law to the world, make compacts, and establish principles, of which the following had been their latest and most definite:

“ARTICLE I. The high contracting powers, being convinced that the system of representative government is equally as incompatible with the monarchical principles as the maxim of the sovereignty of the people with the divine right, engage mutually, in the most solemn manner, to use all their efforts to put an end to the system of representative governments, in whatever country it may exist in Europe, and to prevent its being introduced in those countries where it is not yet known.”

Every first-class power in Europe, except Turkey, was a party to this formidable combination. It was a close corporation for the running of Christendom.

Several slight impediments had developed in the proceedings. One was that the Duke of Wellington, the foremost soldier in the world,

had got up and left the meeting in Verona. The other was that George Canning had written a most unsympathetic note to this effect:

“We disclaim for ourselves and deny for other powers the right of requiring any changes in the internal institutions of independent states, with the menace of hostile attack in case of refusal.”

Aside from these slight annoyances the Holy Alliance had so far been a grand success. It had stamped out a revolution and the struggling liberal government in Spain with the utmost rigour and dispatch. It had broken with vigour and cruelty the spirit of Italians rising against intolerable tyranny.

Its deeds and its overwhelming power spoke to America in tones even more menacing than its treaties. And now the American Minister was informed that it proposed to take dominion over South America, on behalf of the King of Spain.

This called for immediate and drastic defence of some sort.

As a nation we have long since forgotten the part played in this crisis by Great Britain.

Canning disclosed the danger. And Rush reported that he went on to say: "Events are hourly assuming new importance and urgency, under aspects to which neither of our governments can be insensible." * * * 'He had the strongest reasons for believing that the co-operation of the United States with England, through my (Rush's) instrumentality, afforded with promptitude, would ward off altogether the meditated jurisdiction of the European powers over the new world.'

Rush, with the independence and self-assurance that have been characteristic of American diplomats, undertook to put forth the joint challenge to the world on the spot. If he had, it would have joined the forces of these two great countries in the fight for liberal government in a formal as well as merely inevitable manner. But he refused to do so on his own responsibility, because Canning at the same time would not agree immediately to recognize

the independence of all the revolted Spanish provinces.

So the information was dispatched with all speed to the Department of State. And with it Canning's formal proposal that England and the United States jointly announce in the "face of the world" that:

"We conceive the recoveries of the Colonies by Spain to be hopeless. * * * We aim not at the possession of any portion of them ourselves. We could not see any portion of them transferred to any other power with indifference."

This meant, of course, that such an action would be the signal for bloody war.

When James Monroe, President of the United States, received these dispatches he ceased to be interested in anything else. Obviously the action to be taken would have a paramount influence upon the future of the world. So he wrote to consult Thomas Jefferson, Nestor of America, in his retreat at Monticello, saying:

"I transmit to you two dispatches which were received from Mr. Rush which involve interests of the highest importance. They contain two letters from Mr. Canning suggesting designs of the Holy Alliance against the independence of South America, and proposing a co-operation between Great Britain and the United States in support of it against the members of that alliance. * * * Has not the epoch arrived when Great Britain must take her stand either on the side of the monarchs of Europe or of the United States, and in consequence either in favour of despotism or of liberty? * * * My own impression is that we ought to meet the proposal of the British Government."

Jefferson's reply is peculiarly interesting in the light of recent events:

"The question presented by the letters you have sent me is the most momentous which has ever been offered to my contemplation since that of independence. That made us a nation; this sets our compass and points the course

which we are to steer through the ocean of time opening on us. * * * America, North and South, has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe. She should therefore have a system of her own, separate and apart from that of Europe. While the last is labouring to become the domicile of despotism, our endeavour should surely be to make our hemisphere that of freedom.

“One nation, most of all, could disturb us in this pursuit; she now offers to lead, aid, and accompany us in it. By acceding to her proposition, we detach her from the bands, bring her mighty weight into the scale of free government, and emancipate a continent at one stroke, which might otherwise linger long in doubt and difficulty. Great Britain is the one nation which can do us the most harm of any one, on all the earth; and with her on our side we need not fear the whole world. With her, then, we should most sedulously cherish a cordial friendship and nothing would tend more

to knit our affections than to be fighting once more, side by side, in the same cause."

As I write this, nearly a hundred years later, the daily paper before me announces in great headlines the wild enthusiasm greeting the arrival of the first American troops in London. They are there to fight once more, side by side, in the same cause. The same old cause, against despotism. They are now keeping faith with George Canning, who "emancipated a continent at one stroke." Curiously enough, the old Revolutionary patriot seems even to have foreseen the scream of the doubter who in similar circumstances cries out against fighting for England. He goes on to say, recently quoted by the *Independent*, and as true to-day as when it was written:

"The war in which the present proposition might engage us, should that be its consequence, is not her war, but ours. Its object is to introduce and establish the American system of keeping out of our land all foreign pow-

ers—of never permitting those of Europe to intermeddle with the affairs of our nations. It is to maintain our own principles, not to depart from it. * * * With Great Britain withdrawn from their scale and shifted into that of our two continents, all Europe combined would not undertake such a war, for how would they propose to get at either enemy without superior fleet?"

The result of this statement, enforced by practically identical advice from Madison, and co-operation of that far-sighted and rugged American, John Quincy Adams, was the state paper most vital in the life of our country. This was the message sent by the President to Congress, Dec. 2, 1823. It embraces the set of principles known as the *Monroe Doctrine*. They constitute the basis of a major part of our national policy and diplomacy. This message says:

"The occasion has been judged proper for asserting as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved,

that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subject for future colonization by any European power. * * * We owe it, therefore, to candour, and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. * * *

This was a world challenge of supreme impertinence and great daring. Not only can't you have any land, but we won't stand a minute for the holy system cultivated with so much care by the Alliance. In other words, one half of the world is free.

I am aware that nothing could seem more trite and banal than reading a moral on as ancient a matter as the Monroe Doctrine. Still nothing is more certain than that its true significance, as well as its origin and its maintenance, is unknown to the American public to-

day. And to a great body of our chosen representatives in Congress assembled these things are as strange as the Koran.

If the foregoing plain statement of the diplomatic correspondence, the opinion of the promulgators, and the immediate historical causes of Monroe's famous message have any meaning whatever, it is this: 'That practically the whole world intended to attack this continent; that for lack of a navy we could not possibly have prevented it; that a common ideal and sense of justice led the English to bring their peerless fleet to our defence. And subsequent history shows that they have ever since kept that fleet at our disposal for this same purpose. And it is now quite plain to even the sceptical Solon that, although they have lacked naval force for major hostilities in America, the forces of despotism, thwarted by Canning and Monroe, have ever since been gaining instead of losing the will and power to strike.

The final and arch enemy of these forces is the United States. We are the cradle and cas-

tle of all those liberal ideas which eat into their pretensions, and which this country and England alone championed in 1823.

“It was impossible for the continental European powers to think of oversea military action in the face of the British and American fleets. Such hopes were sunk in the waters of Trafalgar beyond the possibility of resurrection.”

CHAPTER NINE

PUBLICITY vs. DUPPLICITY. THE INTRIGUES OF AN EMPEROR

A Mysterious Stranger Appears at the Paris Consulate with Proof of an Imperial Plot—The Iron-clad Rams of Napoleon III—The Death Knell of the Fleet and the Threatened Bombardment of New York—The Intrigues of an Emperor—The Fallacy of Neutrality—The Diplomatic Methods of John Bigelow—A Cunning Ruse—The Planted Dispatch—The Collapse of the Conspiracy.

IT was during the Civil War. John Bigelow, consul-general of the United States, was transacting business in the consulate in Paris, France. It was Sept. 10, 1863. Entered David Fuller, messenger. He presented the card of a stranger. The stranger demanded an immediate audience, and that it be personal and private. Years afterward the distinguished journalist and

diplomat described this interesting interview as follows:

“Permission granted, a man of middle age presently entered, and after closing the door carefully behind him proceeded to say that he had a communication to make of considerable importance to my government. He was a Frenchman of the Gascon type, small of stature, with glittering black eyes, and thick, coarse, jet-black hair, which had appropriated to itself most of his forehead; he was sober and deliberate of speech, as if he had been trained to measure his words and was accustomed to be held responsible for what he said. I was not prepossessed by his appearance, perhaps because of my rather extensive experience of people continually presenting themselves at the consulate in quest of a market for their suspicions, rumours, and imaginings, and who usually introduced themselves, like the person before me, as bearers of information of vital importance.

“I asked him to be seated, and waited for

him to proceed. He asked if I was aware that the Confederates were building war vessels in France. * * * He proceeded to state as facts within his own knowledge that there were then building in the ports of Bordeaux and Nantes, for account of the Confederate States of America, several vessels, some of which were armour plated and with rams, which altogether were to cost from twelve to fifteen millions of francs; that the engines for some of them were built and ready to put in, and that for the armament of these vessels artillery and shells had also been ordered. I here remarked that no vessel of war could be built in France without the authorization of the French Government. He replied that the official authorization for the construction, equipment, and arming of these vessels had already been issued from the Department of the Marine. I asked him if he meant seriously to affirm that the vessels he spoke of were building under an official authorization of the Government. He reaffirmed his statement, and added further that he

was prepared to prove it to my entire satisfaction.

“I tried not to betray my sense of the supreme importance of this communication, which was too circumstantial and precise to be wholly imaginary, if possibly exaggerated. * * *

“I said to my visitor: ‘Of course what you state is of grave importance to my government if it can be substantiated, but of none at all without proofs which cannot be disputed or explained away.’

“‘Of course not,’ he replied.

“‘What kind of proofs can you furnish?’ I asked.

“‘Original documents,’ he said, ‘and what is more, I will engage that with my proofs in hand, you can effectually secure the arrest of the ships. * * *’

“He thereupon produced a certified copy of the government authorization and some half dozen original letters and papers, showing, beyond a doubt, the substantial truth of his statements. * * * He said that of course the papers

were not obtainable without some expense and much trouble, and that when the documents he proposed to furnish me had actually defeated the naval operations of the Confederates in France, he would expect 20,000 francs. * * *

“At the hours agreed upon on Saturday, the 12th, Mr. X reappeared with his supplementary proofs. These, with those already in my possession, were conclusive; nothing could have been more conclusive.”

The documents were letters from Arman, a great shipbuilder at Bordeaux, a member of the Legislature and a powerful partizan of the throne and imperialistic party in France. One was to M. Voruz, an ironfounder of Nantes, acknowledging receipt of moneys on account of “two ships which I am building for account of the Confederates.” Another was to the Compte P. de Chasseloup-Laubat, Minister of the Marine in the Imperial Cabinet asking authority to arm four ships of war building in Bordeaux and Nantes. This letter naïvely stated that “Their special arma-

ment contemplates their eventual sale to the governments of China and Japan." The most alarming of the lot was the official authorization signed by the Minister of Marine himself.

This information was staggering. In our security of to-day it is impossible to conceive of the import of the situation, and the responsibility thus thrown in a few words upon the shoulders of the consul. It seemed possible that the fate of a nation was in his hands. It would have been scarcely more urgent if he had discovered a practical and imminent plot to blow up half of Grant's army in the moment of attack.

A revolution had just taken place in the art of building ships of war. The discovery of the ironclad ram had rendered the navy of the United States as obsolete as the triremes of Greece. These two monsters nearing completion in the ways at Bordeaux were more than a match for all the squadrons of Farragut. They were expected with justifiable confidence to blast the Stars and Stripes from

the sea, to lift the blockade of the Southern ports, and to bombard the Bowery into submission and tribute.

In them lay new heart and life for the starving Confederacy. They meant guns and ammunition for Longstreet's deadly riflemen. They meant murderous food for Pendleton's batteries, shoes and blankets for a destitute soldiery, and three-course dinners for a gaunt population. Far worse than this: for they carried with them the panic of dangers strange and unfamiliar. Their successful operation would give the eager Emperor of France the encouragement and opportunity he was panting for—to recognize, if not join, the Confederacy.

Verily, circumstances alter cases. In 1776 a rebellious army in the United States had sought and obtained comfort and support from a Bourbon prince, in defiance of all rules of neutrality. And John Paul Jones in French ports had acquired the swift hulls and salt-petre which struck such a blow at the pride of

the Mistress of the Seas. This is extolled in story and song. But all authority is unanimous in horror and indignation at the depredations of that pirate ship, the *Alabama*, which swept our own flag from the ocean; it execrates the memory of the Napoleonic despot who harboured the “spy” Sliddel, and plotted the independence of Richmond under a neutral cloak.

Although there remains no sane American who does not devoutly thank heaven for the success of the Union and the end of the withering system of slavery, there are many to whom it is not at all self evident that a sympathy and agreement with the cause of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson in 1862 is conclusive proof of total depravity. So in writing this chronicle of the masterful manœuvre by which a champion of the Federal cause contributed so much to the saving of the Union and discouraging its secret enemies abroad, there will be no pretence of thereby attempting to brand or catalogue the friends and enemies

of America. At that time there were two Americas. And it was not so very obvious to the uninformed spectator in London and Paris which was the oppressed and which the oppressor.

No such doubt exists concerning the Emperor of France. Napoleon III exhibited all the traits that had made the very name of emperor a just cause of suspicion in the Republic, and has now finally goaded a patient world into a war of final riddance. At the outset it is only fair to say that the people of France had no voice in, part or sympathy with, the imperialistic schemes of conquest and diplomatic duplicity that characterized the actions of their ruler.

The moment the struggle broke out on the Potomac he saw his chance to put in practice the one infallible principle of princes—to conquer somebody.

Under the familiar guise of collecting just debts he invited a number of powers to make a

joint expedition to Mexico. When he got firmly established there, he threw off the mask and proposed to stay. He put a satellite potentate of Austrian persuasion on the new throne. His partners in the enterprise, being honest in their purposes, withdrew. But there he remained. The army of Northern Virginia and Jubal Early's cavalry rendered impossible the defence of the Monroe Doctrine by Washington.

In their dire extremity the Confederates promised Mexico to Napoleon if they were successful. This, together with the natural desire of a would-be absolute monarch to destroy the power of the foremost democracy in the world, readily persuaded him to champion the Southern cause in Europe. Together with the rest of the world he had issued his declaration of neutrality in the beginning of the struggle.

One of two things was necessary before he dared to commit himself to open war with the United States. One was the assistance of

Great Britain. The other was a Confederate victory giving him at least a favourable prediction of a final victory.

His urgent and repeated attempts to persuade the English to interfere, or at least recognize the Government of Richmond, had failed. They had failed in spite of the nobility, Mr. Gladstone, and the Prime Minister, whose natural sympathies were with the Southern half of the country and the courtly genius which had hitherto predominated in American affairs; and also in spite of the high protective tariff just passed by the Union, causing great loss to British industry.

He had failed because England was ruled by its people. These people had an inherent repugnance to the institution of slavery which no cabinet dared face; and strange to relate, the Queen of England would not hear of it. Queen Victoria probably had as broad a vision and as deep an understanding of the future of the Anglo-Saxon strain as any person then

living. At all events, she is reported to have flatly stated to her minister:

“My Lord, you must understand that I shall sign no paper which means war with the United States.”

Consequently our anxious diplomats in their outposts of the drama at Paris believed that the crisis had been averted, when the sudden entry of this Gascon informer from the offices of the ship-builder Arman disclosed a plot of the first magnitude hatching under their noses.

One thing was certain. The American consul had to stop these ships from sailing, no matter who was behind them, and no matter how he did it. Little things like this, hardly known by the public and ignored by those who see in a diplomat only a favoured plum-gatherer with a tinsel hat and a fancy tea room, are frequently put up to our representatives abroad.

If this revelation exposed merely a Confederate plot, and a shipyard working under cover of the false pretences that its vessels were

for the Pacific trade, the problem was easy. With proofs now in his hands Bigelow could convince the authorities of the real designs of the enterprise, and they would be stopped at once. For this sort of thing was the gravest breach not only of the accepted laws governing neutrality, but of the repeated assurances and promises of the Emperor himself. A glance at his exhibits convinced the consul that Napoleon "was hovering over us—like the buzzards—in Gérome's famous picture, over the exhausted camel in the desert—only deferring his descent until we should be too feeble to defend ourselves." In other words Napoleon III was himself a party to the construction of these Leviathans destined to destroy a friendly country.

The first move was conventional. Complete copies of the papers were placed in the hands of M. Drouyn de Lhuys, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs. These were accompanied by remonstrances, and insistent demands that the vessels be seized. The worthy

minister, who was not in his master's confidence, was shocked and astonished. He promised to take up the matter at once with the Minister of Marine. And after so long a time the Minister of Marine, who seemed to consider it altogether incredible that these ships should have anything to do with the Confederacy, promised to take it up with His Majesty. His Majesty was away on a fishing trip. Furious notes and thinly disguised threats heated the mails from Washington. The accepted channels of diplomacy were clogged with the débris of negotiations.

But meanwhile day and night the work on the ironclads proceeded furiously. It became evident that the crafty Emperor was going to win in the slow race and manage to be convinced just about fifteen minutes after the rams had safely cleared the harbour.

No hero was on hand so desperate and capable as to blow them up single-handed. And there were no boats afloat in America that could keep these dragons of the deep in har-

bour once they were ready to sail. There remained but one power to restrain them. The sense of justice. Not the Emperor's, for he had none. Not that of his ministers, for he controlled them. But the sense of justice of the people of France.

When a consul starts to go behind the government to which he is accredited and appeals in the name of a foreign power to the citizens of a country, he takes his reputation in his hands, and starts upon the forbidden paths that usually lead to disgrace and recall. As a matter of fact, it can only be done under two circumstances. One is under cover, where the envoy supplies the ammunition and a native does the talking—as when Bunau-Varilla engineered the defeat of the Nicaraguan route in the canal debate in Congress—or when the people are to be told something they wish to hear, and agree with in advance. Otherwise the fate of Dumba and citizen Genet lies in wait.

Bigelow used both methods. If there exists

one characteristic distinctly and pre-eminently French it is the honour of country, what might be called a national chivalry. The glory and the good name of their native land is an exalted mania with all Frenchmen. Let them know the facts, and not even the Emperor would dare further to countenance actions that would reflect upon the good name of France. This was Bigelow's opinion. And as a last chance it was to this end that he turned all his energy.

He went to the leader of the French bar—a man grown old in the service of his country, the soul of integrity, whose probity as well as consummate legal acumen had placed him in the foremost rank of his times. He was also a member of the Corps Législatif, a powerful factor in the opposition. The case was put frankly before him.

Whatever his opinions with regard to the American struggle, the Frenchman was indignant and astonished that France should be made to play this underhand rôle. He agreed

to write a powerful denunciation of it to be signed by himself. This was placed in Bigelow's hands to be given to the press. But here a second obstacle was presented. An editor of liberal notions and national enthusiasm was readily found who gladly promised to print it. But in monarchies all grist that goes to the mill is not ground. The Minister of Interior got wind of the affair, and dispatched a peremptory order that the article be suppressed.

Publicity, not its form of presentation, was the gist of this silent battle. And it is well known that some things can be made more startling by concealment than by display. Bigelow did not hesitate to start the report which soon spread over Paris that an opinion of international moment, written by the great authority Antoine Pierre Berryer, had been suppressed.

The eager and pressing curiosity and growing comment carried the first rampart. Arman was ordered to cover his tracks by a sale of the vessels to Sweden, for account of Den-

mark—with the assurance that only ONE would be delivered to the Danes. The other, once out of harbour, and the Americans lulled, would be transferred to the original destination.

So great was the popular support gathering behind this rumour that, some weeks before the ships were ready, M. Guérault, Editor of the *Opinion Nationale* determined to throw down the gage to the royal power and published a ringing article, "Les Corsaires du Sud" in which the government was openly charged with a conspiracy with Arman "against the very existence of a friendly power."

These, the weapons of information and truth, are not so dramatic or so entertaining as the intricate intrigues of Metternich and the bold and bloody paths of daggers and lies by which Richelieu gained his ends. But to-day the world is beginning to realize that they are by far the most powerful of all diplomatic weapons. In this case they insured the hasty retreat of the regal master from his equivocal position. They lined up the forces of public

opinion across the mouth of the harbour of Bordeaux.

But they could not change the heart or real purpose of the Emperor any more than they now change those of the Hohenzollern. These men must be fought as one fights fire, with their own weapons. If blood and iron be the weapons they choose, very well, let it be blood and iron. If it be deception, very well, cheat the cheat. So concluding, Bigelow put on the finishing touch. He brought the Emperor to his own way of thinking by methods undoubtedly to the Emperor's fancy—had he recognized them.

He sat down and wrote a fairy story to the American consul at Marseilles. He told him in confidence how speculators in the United States were building some dreadful warships, very like the *Alabama*—indeed, nicely calculated to ruin the commerce of any nation in manner even worse than this scourge of the sea. And that they were to sail into the gulf of Mexico as privateers under letters of

marque from Benito Juarez, the Mexican president, whom Napoleon had recently hounded into the mountains. And that undoubtedly they would be ruinous to French commerce and schemes in those latitudes.

This, all in a letter, in the nature of confidential information, he dispatched by courier. He took very good care that it never reached its destination. The consul at Marseilles was not the person he wished to delude. Providentially it was stolen on the road and found its way at once into a newspaper.

The happy conclusion is soon told. Johnson, the historian says:

“In all this there was no truth whatever, but the Emperor supposed it all to be true, and he made haste to stop the sailing of the Confederate ships, and to assure Bigelow of his friendship for the United States.”

CHAPTER TEN

THE “TRENT” AFFAIR

Righting An Old Wrong—Introducing an Ultimatum, Including the Story of a Hold-Up at Sea—Two Ambassadors Captured and Imprisoned in Fort Warren, Boston—A Lesson in International Law Proves an Example of International Joke—A National Celebration—A National Indignation—A National Retraction. Abraham Lincoln’s Way—Anecdotes vs. the Rattling Sabre—A Conference of State—Salmon P. Chase States a Principle.

I AM now about to exhibit an example of that interesting document, an ultimatum. It is the only thoroughly business-like ultimatum we ever received. I have to confess that to the uninitiated it will prove a great disappointment. That is, if they expect as I did, to find an ultimatum bristling with threats and fascinating thunder-bolts of defiance, in Hector’s vein. It was presented with great politeness, as if it had been a bunch of jonquils, by

Lord Lyon, British Ambassador in Washington, to William H. Seward, Secretary of State, in the cabinet of Abraham Lincoln. It read more or less like a story book, and was embodied in instructions the ambassador received from home, which he was to give the Secretary. This is the way it went:

Foreign Office, Nov. 30, 1861.

MY LORD:

“Intelligence of a very grave nature has reached Her Majesty’s Government.

“This intelligence was conveyed officially to the knowledge of the admiralty by Commander Williams, agent for mails on board the contract steamer *Trent*.

“It appeared from the letter of Commander Williams, dated ‘Royal Mail Contract Packet *Trent*, at sea, November, 9,’ that the *Trent* left Havana on the 7th instant, with Her Majesty’s mails for England, having on board numerous passengers. Commander Williams states that shortly after noon, on the 8th, a steamer having the appearance of a man of war, but not show-

ing colours, was observed ahead. On nearing her, at 1:15 P. M., she fired a round shot from her pivot-gun across the bows of the *Trent* and showed American colours. While the *Trent* was approaching her slowly, the American vessel discharged a shell across the bows of the *Trent* exploding half a cable's length ahead of her. The *Trent* then stopped, and an officer with a large armed guard of marines boarded her. The officer demanded a list of passengers, and, compliance with this demand being refused, the officer said he had orders to arrest Messrs. Mason, Slidell, McFarland, and Eustis, and that he had sure information of their being passengers in the *Trent*. While some parley was going on upon this matter, Mr. Slidell stepped forward and told the American officer that the four persons he had named were then standing before him. The commander of the *Trent* and Commander Williams protested against the act of taking by force out of the *Trent* these four passengers, then under the protection of the British flag.

But the *San Jacinto* was at that time only two hundred yards from the *Trent*, her ship's company at quarters, her ports open and tompions out. Resistance was therefore out of the question and the four gentlemen before named were forcibly taken out of the ship. A further demand was made that the commander of the *Trent* should proceed on board the *San Jacinto*, but he said he would not go unless forcibly compelled likewise, and this demand was not insisted upon.

“It thus appears that certain individuals have been forcibly taken from on board a British vessel, the ship of a neutral power, while such vessel was pursuing a lawful and innocent voyage—an act of violence which was an affront to the British flag and a violation of international law.

“Her Majesty’s Government, bearing in mind the friendly relations which have long existed between Great Britain and the United States, are willing to believe that the United States naval officer who committed the aggres-

sion was not acting in compliance with any authority from his government, or that if he conceived himself to be so authorized he greatly misunderstood the instructions he had received. For the government of the United States must be fully aware that the British Government could not allow such an affront to the national honour to pass without full reparation, and Her Majesty's government is unwilling to believe that it could be the deliberate intention of the government of the United States unnecessarily to force into discussion between the two governments a question of so grave a character, and with regard to which the whole British nation would be sure to entertain such unanimity of feeling.

“Her Majesty's Government, therefore, trusts that when this matter shall have been brought under the consideration of the government of the United States, that government will, of its own accord, offer to the British Government such redress as alone could satisfy the British nation, namely, the liberation of the

four gentlemen and their delivery to your Lordship, in order that they may again be placed under British protection, and a suitable apology for the aggression which has been committed.

“Should these terms not be offered by Mr. Seward, you will propose them to him.

“You are at liberty to read this dispatch to the Secretary of State, and, if he shall desire it, you will give him a copy of it.

“I am, etc.,

“RUSSELL.”

With this went the fuse to set the charge.

“Should Mr. Seward ask for delay in order that this grave and painful matter should be deliberately considered, you will consent to a delay not exceeding seven days. If at the end of that time, no answer is given, or if any other answer is given except that of a compliance with the demands of Her Majesty’s Government, your Lordship is instructed to leave Washington with all the members of your legation and repair immediately to London.”

This document was a poser, and gave the Secretary of State about as lively and as exacting a seven days as he ever had. Diplomacy became an active and important function in the City of Washington.

In so far as this country or any other is governed in its quarrels and conflicts by international law the problem was a very easy one. The joke was on Great Britain. It was simply splendid. For here was Lord Palmerston in the most concise and unequivocal manner staking everything he had and the seven seas upon the proposition that to stop a neutral boat and take off a passenger was an outrage and a scandal. Now that was just exactly what this country had contended for a century more or less, and it was this very kind of action that had called forth the resentment of the Frigate *Constitution* in the days of 1812. Provided my Lord's facts, so clearly put, were true, and provided we wished to follow the law in all its holy inviolability, all we had to do was politely acquiesce, and congratulate the Queen upon

having finally arrived at a proper conception of the rules of the sea.

The facts were true—to a letter. And the law as I stated. It was as clear as noonday, as contended for in America, that nobody but soldiers of a belligerent power could be removed from under a neutral flag. Maybe, then, you will conclude that was all there was about it. That was not even the beginning. For my Lord overlooked a few trifling facts. He was quite right in doing so. They were what the lawyers call irrelevant to the international issue, and he was not writing a romance. But in human affairs, American as well as others, the law has less to do with conduct than the lawyers or the professors would have us believe. And irrelevant testimony is quite often that which controls not only the jury, but the judge.

Mr. Seward's problem was intensified by the identity of these same four passengers. Mr. James Murray Mason was a gentleman of credit and renown. He had shortly before

been chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs in the United States Senate, and was the descendant of a long line of famous statesmen in Virginia since before the Revolution. Mr. Slidell had also recently been a senator, and was known to be a gentleman of great polish and address, forensic skill and diplomatic acumen. These two masters of the arts of the politician, if not of the statesmen, were versed to the minute in the affairs of the world and the accepted methods of procedure, and would make a very telling team sent out from some country on a deep diplomatic errand. So Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States believed, and William H. Seward agreed with him.

When the news reached New York and Boston that these two depraved and dangerous "traitors" representing a wicked rebellion had actually left Charleston on the *Nashville* as "ambassadors" bent upon making alliance for their government with Great Britain and France, and to get warships and cannon and

heaven knows what instruments of the devil, the people were furious. When they learned that the *Nashville* was only a blind, and that the perfidious wretches had sneaked by the blockade in the *Theodora*, while the fleet chased the other boat, they were drunk with indignation. It seemed as if they could part with their inheritance if only they could get hold of these arch rebels.

Meanwhile, another style of man came into the game. Captain Charles Wilkes, in command of the first-class screw sloop *San Jacinto*, of fifteen guns, was animated by no motives whatever. Through a long career he had upheld the highest traditions of the United States Navy. Action was his long suit. The case was still to be recorded where the American Navy has not struck on the spot if it had half an excuse. Well, he came cruising into Havana from the west coast of Africa about this time, on his way home from hunting slave traders. At Havana, his second officer ran into his old acquaintance, Mason, in the Hotel

Cubana. And every bell boy was full of the entertaining story of how the Confederates had fooled the Yankees, and were now about to sail under the certain protection of the English flag. No secret was made of it. Everybody was to see them off on the *Trent* bound for Bermuda.

Captain Wilkes made up his mind. Lieutenant Fairfax suggested some doubts. Doubts constituted no argument against a lifetime of decision. When the British packet sailed into the Bahama Channel she found Captain Wilkes waiting for her, and her distinguished guests were provided with other quarters in short order, flag or no flag.

When this news reached Broadway, Back Bay and points north and west, there was the greatest demonstration ever seen. The hated prisoners were led to a secure resting place, while bells rang, and orators spoke, and the Captain was wined and dined and thanked by Congress and forty Chambers of Commerce. The Revere House in Boston was the scene

of a tremendous welcome, and the papers burst forth into pæans of thanksgiving. The miraculous had happened. The arch rebels were caught. The right had been vindicated and everybody was happy.

Not only that, but the national legislature in all-but-unanimous vote declared the capture a splendid achievement. In the heat of a civil war the great legal lights of the country, men like William Evarts and Senator Hale, maintained with vehemence that it was not only justifiable but that any other course would have been degrading. And every editorial writer with hardly an exception swore that he would die in abject poverty fighting all Europe before he would give up the scoundrels.

To this solid body of popular opinion and enthusiasm were added the cold, calculating and deliberately treasonable propaganda and efforts of Vallandigham in the House of Representatives, who worked on the public passion with all his might, in the hope of bringing on war, and so helping the Confederates. Very

much as certain of his kind are now working to damage the United States in war from that same body.

The demand of Lord Lyon and the ancient American doctrine on the one hand, and the people flushed with triumph, a new hero and the human booty on the other—this was the problem of seven days for Seward.

The records of the time, including the public press, the thunder of Congress, the innumerable speeches before assemblies, and the diaries and biographies of the many historic figures on the stage reveal only one man quite calm and placid through it all. He sat in the White House, and outraged decency by relating anecdotes which he considered apropos of the situation. When told in tragic tones that there would surely be war between England and the United States his reply was a parable:

“My father had a neighbour from whom he was separated by a fence. On each side of that fence there were two savage dogs, who kept running backward and forward along the

barrier all day, barking and snapping at each other. One day they came to a large opening recently made in the fence. Perhaps you think they took advantage of this to devour each other. Not at all; scarcely had they seen the gap, when they both ran back, each with his tail between his legs."

The cabinet met to discuss the affair on Christmas day, five days after Lord Lyon had made his demand. This left two days to go, with the British guns before and the warlike mob behind. And, not an unusual occurrence, the President was the only man present who had expressed no violent sentiments, and so had none to withdraw.

As a matter of fact, in spite of the hot blood and the natural resentment, there was never really any doubt of the outcome of this meeting. It has been assumed by rampant partisans of the Union disguised as historians that Seward finally yielded in this matter with creditable bad grace in the face of a dire necessity, chargeable to the tyrannical government

of perfidious Albion. This explanation is not borne out either by the known character of the Americans, who have never been known to refuse a fight because the odds were against them, nor by the accounts of the cabinet meeting which are extant. Stripped of the high feelings of the moment, the temper of the people and the political dangers at home attendant upon a yielding decision, the case was plain enough. And it appears that from the first Abraham Lincoln had perceived this. And it is not the least of the many great decisions to his credit. He decided to yield because the English were right. Not because they were strong. And because the United States was wrong, and not because she was weak.

The prevailing view in the cabinet after the discussion was expressed by Secretary Salmon P. Chase. He sacrificed his feelings to his sense of justice. Here is the way he expressed it:

“It is gall and wormwood to me. Rather

than consent to the liberation of these men I would sacrifice everything I possess. But I am consoled by the reflection that, while nothing but severest retribution is due to them, the surrender, under existing circumstances, is but simply doing right—simply proving faithful to our own ideas and traditions under strong temptation to violate them—simply giving to England and the world the most signal proof that the American nation will not, under any circumstances, for the sake of inflicting just punishment on rebels, commit even a technical wrong against neutrals."

This position was courageous and manly. And if Seward had seen the point he could probably have turned the occasion into the international joke of the century. Perhaps he did see it, but feared the political effect at home of a simple, straightforward admission of error. At all events, his answer was a book full of bad English precedents instead of good American law, and long-winded arguments of a na-

ture to assuage the feelings of his constituents. It contained just one sentence of any consequence:

“The four persons in question are now held in military custody, at Fort Warren, in the State of Massachusetts. They will be cheerfully liberated. Your Lordship will please to indicate a time and place for receiving them.”

The incident was closed. The only permanent effect upon international relations was the inevitable end of the doctrine of “visit and search.” The only flaw in the proceedings from the American point of view was our failure to point this out with vigour and good humour.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

COACHING CHINA

The Everlasting Problem of the "Inferior Race." Conflict of "Manifest Destiny" and the "Square Deal." A Crisis in the Orient. The "Powers" Rig an Action Against the Celestial Kingdom, Backing the Advance of the Caucasian Drummer. Anson Burlingame, Back Bay Politician, Takes the Case of China. The Fate of a Continent in His Hands—An Ambassador to All the World. His Treaty with Seward. A Convention with Lord Clarendon. The Triumphant Diplomatic Conquest of Two Emperors and the Iron Chancellor.

FROM Berlin to Bagdad, from Cairo to Cape Town, from Samarkand to Bombay, the whole planet has witnessed the assimilation, benevolent and otherwise, of every inferior, that is to say *weaker* people, under the sun, excepting only the monumental Chinese.

Searching back among the intricate and de-

vious national jealousies and heroic figures of a century of diplomacy in the Orient for the cause of this phenomenon, we come upon a strange spectacle; two Americans, one in command of the Chinese Army, and the other, ambassador from China to the entire world. One holding the long-haired rebels at bay in the mysterious recesses of the kingdom; the other keeping the Christian kings from “taking China by the throat.” The understanding of the indignation mentioned above involves the record of the second of these old adventurers, the ambassador. But I cannot forbear to give a little contemporaneous picture of his companion piece, the barest recital of the incidents of whose career are sufficient to give him foremost rank among the soldiers of fortune that have heralded the coming of the diplomat in every frontier known to the Anglo-Saxon.

This was General Frederick T. Ward, organizer of the first Chinese troops trained and disciplined under modern methods—known to

history as the "Ever-victorious Army," afterward in command of "Chinese" Gordon. The old account says: "He is instructing the Chinese in the use of European weapons, and has about two thousand of them trained, whom he has led in a most desperate manner, successfully, in several recent battles. * * * He was born in Salem, Massachusetts, went to sea when a boy, became mate of a ship, and then was a Texas ranger, California gold miner, instructor in the Mexican service, was with Walker—for which he was outlawed by his government—at the Crimea, and then joined the Chinese, among whom he has gradually risen to influence and power. He is now their best officer. * * * "

But what saved China was not an officer. Hannibal himself would have thrown up the job of defending this world of Chinese accustomed to go to war with an armour-bearer before and a parasol valet behind. The most potent single factor in a long and complex

drama, was their first and greatest diplomat—Anson Burlingame, late orator of Faneuil Hall, Boston, State of Massachusetts.

A narrative of this unique envoy, sent from the Past to negotiate with the Future, is not out of place in the chronicle of American diplomatic exploits, for he was also minister from the United States to China, and the founder of the American policy of “Hands Off” and a square deal. He was one of the few men in history trusted to the extent of representing both sides of an international discussion at one and the same time—a particularly trying position, considering that neither side had the slightest idea what the other was talking about, and from their cradles were fundamentally incapable of finding out.

This Back Bay politician possessed precisely no diplomatic training whatever. His original appointment was in large measure due to the answer he gave to Preston Brooks, after the South Carolinian had beaten the Senator from Massachusetts with a cane in full view of the

nation. This answer delighted the world. It suggested rifles at short range on Deer Island by Niagara Falls. His equipment was of a kind that a lifetime spent in the libraries of the world and all the courts in creation would never supply. It consisted mainly of three things, given him by his fathers: a sense of chivalry, that is, the sympathy and simple courage which champions the weak; hard practical common sense that neither the mysticism of the East nor the pompous and regal ceremony and arrogance of the West could befuddle or betray; a personal charm of character and manners of whose failure in courtesy there is no record.

He received his appointment as Minister to China in 1861, and set out across the world in much the same frame of mind as one might now start for Saturn. He was not trammelled with "arbitrary instructions" for the very good reason that Secretary Seward, man of imagination though he was, could not imagine what to instruct him. At that time the prevailing diplomatic procedure in the East was conducted by

gunboats and the war then just started at Fort Sumter rendered it inadvisable for Seward to spare any such at the moment.

So this Yankee landed in the ancient kingdom of the inscrutable Manchus from aboard a packet, as innocent of the feuds and imponderabilities of Chinese politics as he was of the conflicting and sordid ambitions of the Caucasian drummers already arrived to exploit them.

He found what Gilbert calls a pretty howdy-do—a government as old and immovable as the desert, with not even the faintest germ of a desire for “progress.” Locomotives, mechanical toys, telegrams, thrashing machines, bath-tubs, and all modern improvements were to them eyesores and abominations. The worst of it was that as a plain matter of fact this government suited them exactly. It filled every want and withstood revolution and disorder in a manner to create the wildest envy in every cabinet in Christendom.

To becloud the picture one of these revolutions was then at high tide. This was being

conducted by the Taipings, whose professions of Christianity did not prevent a consistent practice of massacre, loot, and pillage. In another quarter the country was being sacked in the name of Mohammed, while the professed bandits in a third tried in vain to keep up their reputation.

A punitive expedition had shortly before established the European embassies in Pekin, intrenching another menace to the celestial kingdom ten times more formidable than all the Moslems and bandits in existence. These were the peaceful heralds of coming light—the merchants and traders of England and France. They camped in the “Treaty Ports” and were the self-appointed interpreters of China to a curious world, and the advisors to their most Christian majesties.

Any man at all versed in the affairs of the East will bear testimony that the great mass of these traders, speculators and financial adventurers—both those with simply selfish motives and reputable and honourable business men—

have no more real knowledge or appreciation of the Chinese than has the total stranger. They know their trade and resources, but not one Chinese intimately, and the history, philosophy, deep convictions, and proud dignity of the Chinese, are matters of indifference to them. At that time those were considered hardly more than an insult, interfering as they did with the divine right of business, and the advance of profits. This element made the loudest claims upon diplomacy and created the world problem, not yet solved, which Anson Burlingame was called upon to meet.

This European advance guard was undoubtedly composed of men of a strong strain and daring dispositions, risking much in a new field to gain much. There was nothing wicked about them. They held a philosophy still prevalent in commercial circles—a philosophy which has goaded every foreign office for a hundred years, and only reached its logical conclusion in the efficiency and frightfulness on the

fields of Flanders. The civilized world has the problem presented by it still to face. Roughly the point of view was this:

A superior nation has the right, if not the duty, of compelling an inferior nation to adopt such ideas of government, justice, and customs as it may decree, and to open its territories to the use, and its resources to the benefit of the superior nation. Particularly the latter. The creed is that "manifest destiny" makes such physical and political domination inevitable in the interests of civilization, and "progress." Without exception, the demand is that this shall be accomplished in short order by force of arms, so that a heaven-sent "culture" may uplift the benighted area. In other words, the trader from a "civilized" state may proceed to a "heathen" state and sell his goods or conduct his enterprise in any way he sees fit, and has the right to demand military and diplomatic support for his decision.

Perhaps such action is inevitable, like the tides, and beyond the control of men's minds,

however enlightened. My purpose is to show that when confronted with this problem Anson Burlingame undertook to decide it; and, as far as the United States and China were concerned, he succeeded in the manner I shall now relate.

From the day of his arrival he took the unique and bizarre attitude that the Chinese were real people, to be treated with courtesy and consideration. In spite of the fact that he was the representative of a foreign nation with "interests" to conserve or acquire he held the idea that the country belonged absolutely and entirely to the Chinese, and that it was their business as well as their privilege to conduct it. It took him about a week to discover the travesty in the Taiping's Christianity, and he encouraged the training and dispatch of Ward's forces to put them down. Upon reaching Pekin he sought out the other ministers, and became shortly the leading spirit in a diplomat quartette called by Frederick Wells Williams the "Four B's"—Count Balluzech, the Rus-

sian; M. Bertheemy, the French Minister; Sir Frederick Bruce, and Anson Burlingame. Thrown together constantly in informal and intimate association, together they formulated that which was the forerunner of the famous "Open Door" policy of John Hay. As stated in his dispatch to Washington it was as follows:

"The policy upon which we agreed is briefly this: that while we claim our treaty right to buy and sell and live in the treaty ports, subject in respect to rights of property and persons to the jurisdiction of our own governments, we will not ask for, nor take concessions of, territory in the treaty ports or in any way interfere with the jurisdiction of the Chinese Government over its own people, or ever menace the territorial integrity of the Chinese Empire. That we will not take part in the internal struggles in China beyond what is necessary to maintain our treaty rights. * * *

"By the favoured-nation clause in the treaties, no nation can gain, by any sharp act of diplomacy, any privilege not secured to all.

The circumstances conspire to make this a fortunate moment in which to inaugurate the co-operative policy. * * * Our only hope is in forbearance and perfect union among ourselves; if these are maintained, and our governments sustain us in the policy we have adopted, I cannot but be hopeful of the future, and feel that a great step has been taken in the right direction in China."

He pursued this understanding with his colleagues with such good faith that the Chinese came to regard him as a real friend. The influence of this representative who had not one bluejacket or doughboy behind him became a prime influence in the country. Shortly after his arrival the French consul at Ning-po began the nagging and the grabbing again. He wanted another concession. Concessions giving European jurisdiction was the panacea universally recommended by the traders and, of course, universally resisted by the Mandarins. Burlingame urged the Chinese to put up a stiff front and had a heart-to-heart talk with

the French consul upon which the effort was abandoned.

He successfully mediated in a dispute between the Pekin Government and a British concern that arrived in China with a squadron of warships which it proposed the Chinese should take, English crews and all. The result, again a triumph of fair play, was that the Lay-Osborne Flotilla sailed back to England.

A more important consequence to the United States was the subsequent action obtained from the grateful Chinese forbidding the Confederate raider *Alabama* even to approach the ports of the Empire. This was more of a concession than any of our famous ambassadors could get from any country in Europe. Not the least of his services to China was his influence in leading the Prince to solicit the services of the eminent American engineer, Raphael Pumpelly, to make the first examination of their mineral resources.

It was all very well for the ministers in Pekin to agree upon this mild procedure, but

the tide of commerce and the demands of business were driving from the other direction. Firm in the belief that a "strong and vigorous policy," continual "pressure," and a coercion based upon the unanswerable arguments of naval batteries were the only methods to handle a "foreign, corrupt, semi-barbarous and usurping government," they were rapidly driving that government to its wits' end. The expiration of some of their trade conventions threatened the distracted ministers with unknown disasters. For even if they were willing to accept uplift and progress, the people were not. They would resist with all the fury begotten of an inherent reverence for and devotion to their ancient traditions, customs, and "superstitions." If the Dowager Empress decided to resist, she knew very well she would be overwhelmed. If she did not, her throne would not be worth a yen. The people would not stand by her.

The prospect was that demands would be made for the exemption of foreign goods from

inland and local taxes, the introduction of railroads and telegraph lines, the privileges of opening mines, and the establishment of international courts for collecting from debtor Chinese. This was a fearful prospect to the regents. What might come by time was one thing, but these demands at the mouth of a cannon amounted to ruination.

Here we get some conception both of the Chinese character and of Burlingame. Only one way out occurred to them. It was almost as revolutionary and undignified as the telegraph. That was to send an embassy to these heathen countries in Europe to see what it was all about, if any one could find out, and to persuade them to be reasonable, if perchance such a miracle was possible.

They had made a kind of tentative experimental effort of this sort once before. They had not established embassies to be sure, but still had taken a very radical and doubtful step. They had actually sent Mr. Pin Chun on a scouting expedition to see what those

countries were like. What Mr. Pin Chun reported is not obtainable, but it hardly covered the exigencies of the occasion as an English account of his visit may explain. It says:

“He was received like the Queen of Sheba by King Solomon and shown—at least in Great Britain—everything that was admirable from the Western point of view. He was as far, however, from appreciating the triumphs of science as was Cetewayo the Zulu, whose admiration of England focussed itself on the elephant Jumbo at the Zoological Gardens.”

It is not my purpose to affect to patronize these people. A greater mistake could not be made. Keener, more capable, statesman than some of those consulted on this occasion could not be found from the time of Solomon to that of Jumbo. Li Hung Chang’s report on the subject is on record, and, if they had seen it, would probably have caused the utmost astonishment to the self-satisfied critics of the “semi-barbarians.”

The consequence of the decision reached by Prince Kung and his advisors was radical and

it was conclusive evidence of a penetrating judgment both of character and of events. They appointed Anson Burlingame ambassador to all the Treaty Powers without exception and returned him to Seward with even more extensive powers than those with which he came. The confidence placed in this Yankee's good will, ability, and understanding apparently had no limit. "Go forth," they said; "we place the fate of China in your hands."

Burlingame received this proposition in amazement, of course, but he accepted it at its face value. He wrote Seward:

"I may be permitted to add that when the oldest nation in the world, containing one-third of the human race, seeks, for the first time, to come into relations with the West and requests the youngest nation, through its representative, to act as the medium of such change, the mission is not one to be slighted or rejected."

Having concluded that Burlingame understood their situation and could be trusted to

present their case, the Chinese wasted no words on ceremony. There is an appealing dignity and brevity about their announcement of the mission.

“The envoy Anson Burlingame manages affairs in a friendly and peaceful manner, and is fully acquainted with the general relations between this and other countries; let him, therefore, now be sent to all the Treaty Powers as the high minister, empowered to attend to every question arising between China and those countries. This from the Emperor.”

Resigning as minister from the United States and assuming the extraordinary rôle as Chinese ambassador to all creation, the Yankee set out to Tientsin in a cart. He was accompanied on the expedition by a suite of thirty persons. Two of those were secretaries—J. McLeavy Brown, Chinese secretary of the British Legation, and M. Deschamps, a Frenchman in high esteem in Pekin. Two others were members of the Chinese 400, sent as official “learners” for to see and to admire.

It soon became evident that the Empress had played a strong hand. Not only had she turned against the West one of its own most powerful orators, and one whose ringing demands for fair play in the King's English could not be avoided, but she had staged a blazing advertisement of her kingdom and its proposition. As a publicity campaign it eclipsed everything known to date, and made Barnum look like an amateur.

To give the proper dramatic and Homeric touch to the picture the party was set upon by highwaymen on the way to the coast. The ubiquitous British gunboat having saved the situation, all hands and an exhibit of curiosities embarked for California and the great adventure.

At sight of the Golden Gate and the familiar shores of home it is said that Burlingame's heart failed him. He reflected upon the shifting sands and the masquerade fury of American politics, known of old, and began to dread the possible indignation and brick-bats of a con-

stituency lashed from the stump to hector the “American Chinaman” and the “Pigtail heretic.”

True enough, a howling mob jammed the docks, but not in anger. With pure delight they crowded to herald the big show. An ovation equal to the triumphant return of a victorious Cæsar accompanied him across the continent. His Oriental embassy was received in great state by President Johnson, and Burlingame opened the big guns of the campaign.

He drew a picture of a peaceful, ancient and honourable kingdom, of a civilization already grown old while the Vandals were still scouring Europe; to which were due the courtesy and consideration observed by all gentle people to the venerable, and in a thousand different keys reiterated the one great principle he had determined to establish—that the world should cease to bully and coerce the Ancient Kingdom.

The immediate political effect he was working for was not new treaties. It was a moder-

ate and reasonable interpretation of the old ones. The existing treaties had been gained by force and threats. It was obvious that they would be executed by the same methods, over the dead bodies of a million Chinese. True to his trust he was representing China but his statesmanlike conception went much further than that. Even from the selfish point of view of "National Interest," the one maxim of diplomacy of the era, the practice of encroaching upon China held a deadly peril. It insured ultimate friction and war between the boodlers. The "Harpie Nations" would shortly and surely come to blows over the booty—ending in none could guess what wide conflagration.

Of course this argument and policy produced a storm of protest, ridicule, and fight from those depending upon guns to expand their business, and also from the "Imperialists" of all nations. Dreams of great "spheres of influence" in the East filled the minds of continental statesmen.

The battle raged about Burlingame's presentation of the case at a banquet given him in New York, presided over by the Governor.

“You have given a broad and generous welcome,” he said, “to a movement made in the interests of all mankind. * * * That East, which men have sought since the days of Alexander, now seeks the West. China, emerging from the mists of time, but yesterday suddenly entered your Western gates, and confronts you by its representatives here to-night. * * * She comes with the great doctrine of Confucius, uttered two thousand three hundred years ago: ‘Do not unto others what you would not have others do unto you.’ Will you not respond, with the more positive doctrine of Christianity: ‘We will do unto others what we would have others do unto us?’ * * *

“She asks you to forget your ancient prejudices, to abandon your assumption of superiority, and to submit your questions to her, as she proposes to submit hers to you—to the arbitration of reason. She wishes no war: she asks

you not to interfere in her internal affairs. * * *

“She asks you that you will respect the neutrality of her waters and the integrity of her territory. She asks in a word, to be left perfectly free to unfold herself precisely in that form of civilization of which she is most capable.

“She asks you to give to those treaties which were made under the pressure of war a generous and Christian construction. Because you have done this, because the Western nations have reversed their old doctrine of force, she responds, and, in proportion as you have expressed your good will, she has come forth to meet you; and I aver that there is no spot on earth where there has been greater progress made in the past few years than in the Empire of China. * * *

“Yet notwithstanding this manifest progress, there are people who will tell you * * * that it is the duty of the Western Treaty Powers to combine for the purpose of coercing

China into reforms which they may desire but which she may not desire—who undertake to say that this people have no rights which you are bound to respect. In their coarse language they say: 'Take her by the throat.' Using the tyrant's plea, they say they know better what China wants than China does herself. * * *

"Now it is against the malign spirit of this tyrannical element that this Mission was sent forth to the Christian world. * * *

"Missions and men may pass away, but the principles of eternal justice will stand. I desire that the autonomy of China may be preserved. I desire that her independence may be secured. I desire that she may have equality, that she may dispense equal privileges to all nations. If the opposite school is to prevail, if you are to use coercion against that great people, then who are to exercise the coercion, whose forces are you to use, whose views are you to establish? You see the very attempt to carry out any such tyrannical policy would in-

volve not only China, but would involve you in bloody wars with each other. * * *

I have given this speech at such length because the argument is not done yet. It would take a bold man to make its counterpart in Tokio to-morrow, and changing the name China to divers other places it would meet with a howl in most countries of the world to-day, or would if every one were not busy with the grand and final tyranny of all.

The result in the United States was immediate and lasting success. A new treaty was signed on the spot. It recognized China's right to "unmolested dominion over her own territories" including the "concessions" except as already modified by treaties. It gave the Emperor unlimited right to make such changes or improvements or decrees as he chose regarding the internal affairs of his kingdom without any foreign dictation.

In those respects the principles of American policy have not changed from that day to this and as a result have placed us in the honour-

able position of being the only nation which has never despoiled the poor old hermit, and perhaps of being her sole disinterested champion in a world of wolves. For the rest the treaty went too far. It permitted unlimited immigration which later fell foul of our western coast and the Labour Unions.

Facing the screams of the Shanghai press this strange embassy proceeded in state to London. An Oriental more or less, or one or two brigades of ambassadors were no novelty in England and the populace seemed to proceed on their accustomed way in spite of the embassy. But the results obtained from the Government were as far-reaching in their way as the American Treaty. The Queen gave an audience at Windsor, the stately castle later to give name and title to the ruling House of England. And Lord Clarendon, a liberal peer who had recently been given the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, took Burlingame into counsel. The consequence was a total reversal

of the Palmerston policy, the "Firm Hand," and the acceptance of the ambassador's principles of "Hands Off." Or, as the Imperialists put it, "the relapse of Great Britain into an effeminate, invertebrate, inconsequent policy, swayed by every wind from without and within, and opposed to the judgment of her own experienced representative."

This policy was put in motion by a letter written by the minister to Burlingame, a copy of which was sent to the English officers in China with orders to act accordingly. The pith of the communication was this:

"Her Majesty's Government, I informed you in reply, fully admitted that the Chinese Government was entitled to count upon the forbearance of foreign nations; and I assured you that, as far as this country was concerned, there was neither desire nor intention to apply unfriendly pressure to China to induce her government to advance more rapidly in her intercourse with foreign nations than was con-

sistent with safety and due and reasonable regard for the feelings of her subjects."

One other thing about this note is worth equal notice. No matter how benign and charitable an English secretary may become, none has ever been known to desert an Englishman. Let us hope none ever will. In another passage he made this plain:

"But her Majesty's Government is, moreover, entitled to expect from China as an indispensable condition of her good will, the fullest amount of protection to British subjects resorting to her dominions."

A howl whose echoes still sound in the China Sea went up when this order arrived. All the old traditions were thrown overboard. Everybody would be bankrupt. Business was ruined for ever. The world was delivered to the heathen, and was no longer habitable.

But the seal of authority had been put upon the mission. Napoleon III hastened to give it a royal reception. Bismarck, planning a raid in other quarters, was as soft as silk,

and the Czar was as polite as a bridegroom.

What the ultimate consequence would have been if Burlingame, that forceful apostle of justice, had lived to conduct affairs is problematical. Whether he could have steered the Chinese boat through the subsequent storm due to the reactionaries within the kingdom and the radicals without, is a question. He died in St. Petersburg. But his philosophy and the questions he raised are not dead.

CHAPTER TWELVE

“A DUTY TO HUMANITY,” THE END OF AN EMPIRE

The Diplomacy of the War with Spain—The Crime of National Pride and Procrastination—The Verdict of History—The Plight of Cuba—Revolution Engineered in New York—Mutual Cruelties—American “Pirates”—Cleveland’s Firm Hand—Woodford vs. Sagasta, a Triumph of Fair Play—Concessions Made by Spain—“Home Rule”—Removal of Weyler—“Autonomy”—Revocation of Reconcentration—Isabel’s Despair—The Intervention of the Pope—Final Concessions and Armistice—“Remember the *Maine*”—An Intercepted Insult—The Recalled Minister and the Fateful Message to Congress—A Tribute to Spanish Courtesy.

I IMAGINE that the average American would be astonished upon an impartial examination of the diplomatic correspondence leading up to the battle of Manila Bay and the capture of San Juan Hill. As far as the United States was concerned it re-

veals no injury done us by the Spaniards. The war sprang out of increasing demands made by President McKinley. The record shows that these were met by the Castilians in a really remarkably yielding spirit, considering their traditionally sensitive "National Honour" and unbounded pride. And as far as the war was the result of a failure of negotiation, or in the power of the Spaniard to avoid by any possible action, it turned upon a punctilio, a really absurd quibble which had little to do with the merits of the affair, and upon a few days' procrastination upon the part of the Spaniards. And even this, which we deemed a delay, amounted to violent precipitation of action to the mind of Madrid.

Before recording the details of the American Minister's hectic weeks in Madrid, it must be clearly said that there is no longer any question but that the war was a blessing to all parties concerned; and that it was in all probability the only possible solution of an international scandal. It should be classed as a great

surgical operation, whereby an incurable sore was cut out of the Spanish body politic, against its will, but to its salvation. The patient, both before, during and after the operation, conducted himself toward the doctor in a manner highly to his credit.

These facts stand forth, indisputable:

That for sixty years or more the island of Cuba had been as badly misgoverned, from the Anglo-Saxon point of view, as it was possible to misgovern it. It was saddled with an atrocious economic system, a mediaeval military dictatorship operated by an autocratic and irresponsible governor, bled by excessive public taxes and private graft, and in an uproar all the time.

Even with the most honourable intentions in the world it was quite impossible for the Spaniards ever to restore what we understand by law and order.

These two facts constitute the case of the United States—and the whole case. Following the immediate discussions and causes of

hostilities, the sympathies of the impartial reader will lean toward the anxious and cornered inheritors of the splendours of Isabella.

The fact that public opinion in the United States was in a fever heat cannot be given as a legitimate *casus belli* by a statesman, and the fulminations of senators and representatives have never in our history been a safe guide to foreign policy. If these last had been any criterion we should have invaded and annexed Cuba long ago without any other reason than that it was manifestly placed there by the Lord to be owned by us.

Before picturing the negotiations between Washington and Madrid, so abruptly finished by the famous message of the 11th of April, 1898, it is necessary to point out that it was universally recognized that any message leaving a decision to Congress amounted to a declaration of war. The views of Congress were that the insurgents were the angelic and saintly victims of an inhuman warfare—that the concentration camps were not only an outrage

upon humanity, but a hideous breach of international law; that the *Maine* had been blown up by the Spanish Government; and that, anyway, Cuba was to be freed regardless of circumstances, and by war, no matter what anybody said.

This fact must be kept in mind. It was thoroughly understood by all hands, the efforts for a peaceful solution hinged upon preventing McKinley's giving Congress its head. And so all discussion finally centred upon whether he was or was not to send a message of this sort.

Granting that the war was of great benefit to Spain, Cuba, and the United States, as well as an indispensable step both in the development of this country as a World Power, and in the establishment of a new sense of international comity based upon justice and "the decent respect for the opinion" of mankind, as well as "National Interest," it must be admitted that, in his diplomatic action, McKinley showed none of the executive strength and con-

trol that characterized both Grant and Cleveland in handling this same problem. In fact he didn't handle it at all. He turned it over to the mob to handle—a proceeding that in many other instances in our history would have led to war.

When Cleveland left the tiller and William McKinley took charge of affairs, the situation was about as follows:

In February, 1895, revolution broke out in Cuba. It was brought on mainly by the manifest incapacity of even the most radical Spanish mind to conceive of a liberal colonial policy. To this was added a high protective American tariff on sugar, which tended to ruin the principal industry, and cause great poverty and suffering on the island. While we are posing as apostles of a new era of good will toward men and of policies of world-wide justice which will reduce wars to a minimum, it is worth while taking a little thought to the manifest hardships and ill feeling continually engendered by artificial tampering with economic laws upon

arbitrary boundary lines—in which we are the worst offenders on earth.

The Revolution was financed and recruited in large measure from the United States, with headquarters at New York. Maximo Gomez was called from San Domingo to take command.

The war started in at once with the utmost ferocity on both sides. It is impossible at this date to choose between the methods of the combatants. The Cubans were the ones to begin the deliberate work of devastation. Gomez's first act was to issue an order that all plantations should stop their labours, and that whoever should attempt to grind the sugar crop would have his cane burned and his buildings demolished, and would be considered as an enemy, treated as a traitor, and be tried as such in case of his capture. Since he carried out this policy and threat to the letter, it is impossible for any one aware of the facts to weep with the insurgents over the ruin of industry and the destruction of the island.

General Weyler went to work in true Spanish fashion to clean the rebels up. This he could not do because he could not catch them. So he ordered the whole populace into concentration camps. In spite of the violent statements common at the time, the fact is that such an order is not forbidden by the recognized laws of war, nor is it an uncommon occurrence. It was practised both in the Civil War and in South Africa too. The horror of it was that it was impossible properly to feed these people—particularly since the rebels made all business a crime and the introduction of food to “towns occupied by the enemy” a cause for summary execution.

Filibustering on a grand scale started in the United States. Although most of our available coast patrol earnestly and vigorously endeavoured to stop it, the Spaniards claimed continuously and bitterly that our winking at these forays prolonged the trouble.

On the other hand the Spaniards persisted in considering as “pirates” all filibusters they

caught and could not even conceive of any reason why they should not be shot on the spot. When these were American citizens, "fighting for freedom," this attitude caused the greatest fury in the United States. As a matter of fact no Americans were executed at this time, but the State Department had to make vigorous appeals several times to prevent it.

Incidents like this, and a press screaming with accounts of atrocities of "Weyler, the Butcher," together with the unquestioned anarchy and misery in the island, inflamed a Congress already in sympathy with the revolution to introduce resolutions as regularly as clockwork. In one form or another these all denounced Spain and demanded the independence of Cuba. The most violent of these Congressional broadsides was delivered by John Sherman, afterward made Secretary of State by McKinley, and was based upon a newspaper story later found to be without any foundation whatever.

Meanwhile President Cleveland had kindly

and firmly kept the affair in his own hands, and reiterated the American position:

First: that there seemed to be no prospect of the revolt ever coming to a conclusion under existing conditions until the country was ruined completely.

Secondly: that the United States could not very well keep hands off this situation indefinitely. The reasons given were very frank and concise: That our pecuniary loss was enormous; that the sympathy of the people with the revolution was very great; that the governments were always at odds about Cubans naturalized in America carrying on propaganda in New York and filibustering to Cuba; that the insurrection involved the policing of an immense seacoast; that there was a growing and vehement demand for recognition and violent intervention.

Thirdly: that he offered mediation as a way out of the impasse.

“It would seem that if Spain would offer Cuba a genuine autonomy—a measure of

home-rule which, while preserving the sovereignty of Spain, would satisfy all national requirements of her Spanish subjects—there should be no just reason why the pacification of the island might not be effected on that basis."

Cleveland saw what apparently McKinley could not—that the major difficulty would be with the peculiar pride of the Spaniard. He adds: "It would keep intact the possessions of Spain *without touching her honour*, which will be consulted rather than impugned by the adequate redress of admitted grievances."

Then just as the Cleveland administration came to a close the Queen issued a decree granting "home rule" to Cuba. It was a kind of emasculated, experimental home rule, invented by a people to whom such an idea was almost inconceivable. But it more than covered the ground of the original Cuban complaint, and was a genuine and honest effort toward emancipation.

Such was the state of affairs when an en-

tirely new cast of characters took up the drama for the fifth act.

William McKinley succeeded Grover Cleveland, John Sherman, the veteran Olney, as Secretary of State, and General Stewart Lyndon Woodford went as minister to Spain. Very shortly afterward the Spanish Ministry underwent an even more radical transformation. The new team constituted the most liberal as well as the ablest men in the Empire —Señor Praxides Mateo Sagasta, champion of “peace at any price save loss of dignity,” became president of the council, with Señor Gullon, Minister of State, and Señor Moret, Minister for Foreign Affairs.

The new game opened in an interview between Woodford and the outgoing minister, the Duque de Tetuan. “Friendly in manner,” it was reported, “but positive in meaning.” Sherman’s proposition was laid on the table. Its kernel was that the United States had a “duty” as well as a “right” to intervene, unless Spain could settle this little affair in a

“reasonable time.” And in very definite language it stated that this time might be drawing to a close, and the duty become imminent. It ended with the suggestion that Spain make use of the offices of the United States in some manner or other to reach a final conclusion.

These instructions had “put it up to” the minister to get the Spaniards to agree to concessions in Cuba, to prevent an American war. The record of the subsequent six months is not only of the greatest credit to Woodford, but reveals an advance in Spanish policy that is little short of miraculous, considering antecedents of a thousand years of despotic sway.

The Spaniards’ answer to this preliminary broadside consisted in a volume of polite language, a futile repetition of the contention that if the United States would stop filibustering expeditions all would be well. But wonderful to relate, they took action—for them, drastic action. They recalled General Weyler, replacing him with Blanco, under instructions to alleviate the concentration curse.

And the Queen, by imperial decree, extended to Cuba all the rights enjoyed by peninsular Spaniards, establishing in the island all the electoral laws of Spain, and granting autonomy.

Any fair-minded person will readily admit that this was not an unworthy attempt to meet the American position. It must be admitted at the same time that these measures, conciliatory as they were intended to be, and in fact were, failed to quell the riot. The reconcentrados could not be fed because the revolutionists would allow no work to be done or produce to be grown. And they would not hear of autonomy. Nobody seemed to want autonomy at this stage. Gomez foamed at the idea; and the loyal Spaniards in Cuba, banded together to enforce the mediaeval régime, screamed loudly against it.

Still, the Spaniards had made an effort to meet the American demand. McKinley gave them full credit for it in his message, sent to Congress in December, 1897. Said he:

"That the Government of Sagasta has entered upon a course from which recession with honour is impossible can hardly be questioned; that in the few weeks it has existed it has made earnest of its professions is undeniable. * * * It is honestly due to Spain and to our friendly relations with Spain that she should be given a reasonable chance to realize her expectations and to approve the asserted efficacy of the new order of things to which she stands irrevocably committed. She has recalled the commander whose brutal orders inflamed the American mind and shocked the civilized world. She has modified the horrible order of reconcentration and has undertaken to care for the helpless and permit those who desire to to resume the cultivation of their fields, * * * " and so on. He finished with the statement that:

"If it shall hereafter appear to be a duty imposed by our obligations to ourselves, to civilization and humanity, to intervene with force, it shall be without fault on our part and only because the necessity for such action will be so

clear as to command the support and approval of the civilized world."

This is the appearance of a new and a daring doctrine. That regardless of anything that Spain, with all honesty and even unheard-of humility, might do, this country was prepared to assume the rôle of the benevolent grandfather with the slipper, and take away the dangerous toys. It gave warning that diplomacy, in the sense of a negotiation between nations, might avail nothing, and that peace might not in the least depend upon our relations with Spain or their efforts to preserve it. That this was the actual case we shall see. Sincerely in hopes that the reforms inaugurated by Sagasta might bring some measure of tranquillity, the President on the 24th of January, 1898, told the Spanish Minister, Señor Dupuy de Lome, that he had determined to send the battleship *Maine* to Havana as a mark of friendship—a well-recognized form of international compliment. Old General Fitzhugh Lee, Consul at Havana,

wired to delay it, because of high feeling among residents, but she had sailed, and pretty soon dropped anchor in the harbour without a comment.

Then the fates began putting some action into the piece. *Señor Dupuy de Lome*, a faithful servant, and a courteous diplomat, wrote a letter to a friend. Probably it was the mildest personal letter he had written for a year. It was his private opinion of the President's message.

“The message has been a disillusionment to the insurgents, who expected something different; but I regard it as bad. Besides the ingrained and inevitable ill-breeding with which is repeated all that the press and public opinion in Spain have said about Weyler, it once more shows that McKinley is weak and a bidder for the admiration of the crowd, besides being a would-be politician who tries to leave a door open behind himself while keeping on good terms with the jingoes of the party.”

An enterprising journalist, whose zeal cer-

tainly exceeded his propriety, intercepted and opened the letter, and it was printed broadcast over the United States on the 9th of February.

Of course, nobody stopped to reflect that even an ambassador as ultra-polite and courteous as a Spaniard probably had an opinion of his own, and that it was not extraordinary that he should have considered the President impolite as well as outrageous in dictating to Spain as if he had been its nurse and vilifying Spanish soldiers with no reference to Cuban blackguards. The whole country flamed in fury from Hatteras to the Golden Gate.

The minister telegraphed Madrid at once, saying that his position would probably be untenable and notifying the Queen to decide upon her course without reference to him in any way. Promptly, on the next day, he received his recall from the Minister of State.

This was a link in the chain. And yet it is impossible to charge Spain with the incident in any degree. The recall is the fastest on

record, and reveals an anxious desire to propitiate the United States incompatible with any theory except one of ultra-pacifism.

Nevertheless, it was a link. Or rather it was another faggot to feed the flame of popular opinion upon which the President was riding. The flame shortly developed into a conflagration.

At 9:40 P. M., February 15th, without any prologue, the battleship *Maine* blew up and sank.

A court of inquiry established that the vessel was blown up from without—probably by a mine. Who blew it up, there was and still is no evidence. It is practically settled beyond the realms of possibility of error that it was *not* the Spanish Government.

The subsequent war-cry, "*Remember the Maine*," was a popular slogan that could hardly take into account the fact that the utmost sympathy and regret was expressed by the Queen and the Premier of Spain, and that Señor Gullon immediately promised every reparation

possible if it should prove to be the fault of Spanish authorities.

These incidentals were the popular courses of war. But to the statesman they were not even hard diplomatic problems. They were merely the bellows behind the wind blowing for war, to be used for popular support in case war should be declared for other reasons. Unless, indeed, it was the pressure of this opinion that caused them to begin it.

The most tangible immediate effect was an appropriation of \$50,000,000 by Congress "for the National defence and each and every purpose connected therewith."

I think I have made it clear that we had so far no grievance against Spain except her failure to bring about peace in Cuba; and that she had taken our orders as far as she was capable. At this moment she was put really into an untenable position. For as fast as she advanced with liberal propositions and the olive branch, so much the more confident did the rebels become, and so much the greater their demands.

Our pressure for peace was all directed toward the Spaniards. Gomez met their messengers, undertaking to make terms, with instant death by a firing squad.

After this appropriation Sagasta recognized that he would have to take some drastic action.

Under the impression that the object of his negotiations was to keep the peace if possible; Woodford, our minister, worked overtime in Madrid. From March 17th to April 11th he drew proposal after proposal out of the Spanish Council and he never sent a dispatch but that reiterated his conviction that the Spaniard would do anything, no matter what, to prevent a rupture, short of what they considered National dishonour. On the 17th he wrote:

“Señor Sagasta, an experienced statesman, a loyal Spaniard, and a faithful friend of the Queen * * * would do anything for peace that Spain would approve and accept.”

On the 18th:

“Sagasta has finally and positively declared

for peace at any terms at all consistent with Spanish honour."

On the 19th he cabled:

"If you will acquaint me fully with general settlement desired, I believe Spanish Government will offer without compulsion, and upon its own motion, such terms of settlement as may be satisfactory to both nations. Large liberty as to details should be offered to Spain, but your friendship is recognized and appreciated, and I now believe it will be a pleasure to Spanish Government to propose what will probably be satisfactory to both."

Invaluable, kindly man. He was one of the many diplomats this nation has had whose native straightforward courtesy and patent honesty had given him the confidence as much of his adversaries as of his own people. And it is clear, moreover, that he could do what he said. The spirit of charity is invincible—except against cannibals, Barbary pirates, and Huns.

William Rufus Day, acting Secretary of

State, replied to this optimistic cable in almost savage style. Said he:

“There remain general conditions in Cuba which cannot be endured, and which will demand action on our part unless Spain restores honourable peace. * * * April 15 is none too early date for accomplishment of these purposes. * * * It is proper that you should know that, unless events otherwise indicate, the President, having exhausted diplomatic agencies to secure peace in Cuba, will lay the whole question before Congress.”

On the 24th the Spanish Cabinet submitted a plan. They agreed to an immediate armistice, provided the Cubans would do the same; and agreed to submit terms of peace to the Cuban Congress, in the meantime having granted that Congress authority to negotiate peace.

Certain it is that they were “coming across,” as the phrase goes.

But Secretary Day was not to be satisfied

with this. His next word on March 27th was:

“See if following can be done:

“First. Armistice until October 1. Negotiations meantime looking for peace between Spain and insurgents through friendly offices of President, United States.

“Second. Immediate revocation of *reconcentrado* order. * * *

“Add if possible:

“Third. If terms of peace not satisfactorily settled by October 1, President of United States to be final arbitrator between Spain and insurgents.

“If Spain agrees, President will use friendly offices to get insurgents to accept plan.”

Driven by repeated cables from Washington saying that no delay could be brooked, Woodford wired home:

“Have had conference this afternoon with the President of the Council, the Minister for Foreign Affairs and Minister for Colonies. Conference adjourned until Thursday after-

noon, March 31. I have sincere belief that arrangement will then be reached, honourable to Spain and satisfactory to the United States and Cuba. I beg you to withhold all action until you receive my report * * * Thursday night, March 31."

On the next day the reconcentration orders were revoked.

That afternoon at 4:30 the Spanish Cabinet agreed to the American terms, with one fatal exception. They insisted that the offer of the armistice should originate with the insurgents.

Here was a pretty thing for grown-up nations to go to war about. Woodford might well call it a punctilio. Punctilio it was. But to the Spanish mind it was everything. To make the offer, these officers believed, would be to raise a whirlwind in Spain. Rather all go down together.

But this was not all. The Pope, at this juncture, offered his services. The Spanish jumped at the chance to get out of this hole their national pride had placed them in. They

agreed readily to accept any plan for the cessation of hostilities proposed by his Holiness. He might even propose that they initiate them. It was a way out.

Señor Gullon tore over to Woodford with the proposition. Woodford thought he had saved the day. He wired his government that Spain would accept Pope's suggestion for an armistice, asking only that the United States remove their fleet from Cuban waters."

Here we have the trouble again, if it be trouble. The Spaniard wished to have some faint sign of independence—some condition exacted for the satisfaction of an old, proud and noble race.

Day was inexorable. His answer to this proposal said: "The disposition of our fleet must be left to us. An armistice to be effective must be immediately proffered and accepted by insurgents. * * * The President cannot hold his message longer than Tuesday."

Woodford, bent upon his own problem of reaching a satisfactory conclusion with Spain,

finally reached it. The Queen yielded completely, with great emotion. The paper she was prepared to sign was a passionate renunciation. The Minister's dispatch to President McKinley read:

“Should the Queen proclaim the following before 12 o'clock noon on Wednesday, April 6th, will you sustain the Queen, and can you prevent hostile action by Congress?

“*At the request of the Holy Father, in this passion week, and in the name of Christ, I proclaim immediate and unconditional suspension of hostilities in the Island of Cuba.*

“*This suspension to become immediately effective so soon as accepted by the insurgents in that island, and to continue for the space of six months, to the 5th of October, 1898.*

“*I do this to give time for passion to cease, and in the sincere hope and belief that during this suspension permanent and honourable peace may be obtained between the insular government of Cuba and those of my subjects*

in that island who are now in rebellion against the authority of Spain.

“I pray the blessing of Heaven upon this truce of God, which I now declare in His name and with the sanction of the Holy Father of all Christendom.”

Woodford continued his plea in these words: “Please read this in the light of my previous telegrams and letters. I believe this means peace, which the sober judgment of our people will approve long before next November, and which must be approved at the bar of final history. * * * I will show your reply to the Queen in person, and I believe that you will approve this last conscientious offer for peace.”

And on the 9th of August, even in the face of a discouraging reply, the Spaniards ordered General Blanco to proclaim the armistice.

Going over this record it has come home to me with great force that the American people have never given Spain the credit for this supreme effort; and that the charity, forbearance

and tolerant good will which have sometimes been manifest with us almost to a fault, were totally lacking, and that Woodford was justified in the conclusions of his final telegram:

“* * * I believe that you will get final settlement before August 1 on one of the following bases: Either such autonomy as the insurgents may agree to accept, or recognition by Spain of the independence of the island, or cession of the island to the United States. I hope that nothing will be done to humiliate Spain.”

He said that he was satisfied that the government at Madrid was going, and was loyally ready to go, as fast and as far as it could.

And this the whole record abundantly confirms. Step by step in this one-sided diplomatic encounter the Spaniards had yielded every demand, until now they had given all.

Nevertheless, on the 11th of April, McKinley sent the message to Congress. The only mention in this war document of the final yielding of the Queen was a terse statement,

without comment, that he had heard General Blanco had been ordered to suspend hostilities.

But, as everyone knew, the message was the casting of the die for war.

The purpose of this review is not to belittle the effects of the Spanish War—its benefits are manifest—nor even to conclude that McKinley was wrong in determining once and for all to end the Cuban cancer by a clean sweep, but, in justice to the Spaniards, to point out that the war was the result of this determination, and was launched with this purpose quite regardless of diplomacy so ably conducted by Woodford, and in the face of the most extraordinary efforts and concessions on the part of the Queen. Diplomacy had nothing to do with the matter. The Spaniard did not want to fight, had no intention of fighting, and met our negotiations much more than half way, and a great deal further than any impartial and sympathetic observer would have supposed possible. The only grievance we had against them at all was inherent, and not subject to change—a mind

given to procrastination and delay, a belief in their own institutions, and a sensitive code of national honour. To say that we considered this a cause for war is of course ridiculous.

The answer is that sixty years of riot in Cuba was all we could stand, and that we purposed to end it. And nothing the Spaniard or our minister could do or say had any effect upon the resolution. So it was. And this was probably correct. But with it let us give the Spaniard all credit. Two years of diplomatic negotiations were all on his side.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

THE COUP D'ÉTAT THE INSIDE STORY OF PANAMA

The Man Behind the Revolution—Room 1162, Waldorf Astoria—The Liberty Hall of Panama—Bunau-Varilla Goes Scouting in Washington—The Three Horns of the Panama Dilemma—Reading the Future Actions of the Government—Playing with Destiny—A Kingdom for a Warship—Victory on the Isthmus—“Time is of the Essence”—Intrigue and Procrastination Squelched by Theodore Roosevelt. The Dramatic Finish in John Hay’s Residence.

ON September 23, 1902, in room 1162 of the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, the cradle of revolution, two men were in eager conference. One was Doctor Manuel Amador, conspirator plenipotentiary from Panama, prototype of those zealous but impotent soldiers of fortune that have engineered uproar in Central America as a chronic pas-

time for the last century. He was fiery, but inconstant, patriotic but bombastic, zealous but visionary, mighty to plot but utterly incapable of action. Vanity, pride, and despair were written on his features.

The other man, Bunau-Varilla, was his antithesis in every respect. He was clear cut, with lines of prompt, decisive action written all over his features. He was a Frenchman, gifted with all the imagination and daring of his race. Courage, endurance, brilliant intelligence, limitless resources, a flashing wit, and a contempt for obstacles, had already made his name famous throughout the civilized world, and yet he was in a sense an adventurer. Like a knight of old on the road to Palestine, he represented nobody. In the tremendous and dangerous game of world politics and national destinies he played a lone hand, relying only upon his own unbounded spirit and consummate audacity.

He had just arrived in New York from Paris. Upon learning of the amazing action

of Colombia, this indomitable champion of the Isthmian canal had gone into action. Within half an hour he was in the office of M. Lindo. M. Lindo was the head of the largest banking house of New York and Panama. We have M. Bunau-Varilla's own record of events.

“‘Well, M. Lindo,’ said I, after the first exchange of compliments, ‘is the rumour true that the people of Panama are going to make a revolution?’

“He shrugged his shoulders in a disheartening way and said: ‘*Faltan recursos.*’ (‘They have no financial means.’)

“‘What?’ said I, disappointed at this answer. ‘These people who are ever ready to make a revolution for insignificant causes, are going to keep quiet when Colombia decrees that they must die of hunger.’

“‘It can’t be helped,’ he said. ‘Without money a revolution cannot be brought about any more than a war. But if you care to know what the situation really is I will ask Amador to come and see you.’

“‘What?’ said I, surprised, ‘Amador is here?’

“‘Yes,’ answered Lindo, lowering his voice, ‘he has come precisely to obtain the means of bringing about a revolution, but he has failed and is sailing for Panama in a few days. He will tell you all. He is in despair.’”

It was the following morning that Amador and Bunau-Varilla sat face to face in room 1162 of the Waldorf Astoria, and there lies the key to the Revolution of Panama, as is revealed by the working of this master Diplomat-at-Large.

Amador was speaking, agitated with suppressed emotion and indignation.

“During the past year” said he, “a group of citizens of the Isthmus, of whom I was one, have met together to consider the measures to be taken if Colombia rejected the Hay-Herran Treaty.

“We one and all agreed that such a decision would ruin the inhabitants and transform the Isthmus into a virgin forest

“Confronted by a decision so despotic, we decided to prepare for an armed combat, rather than submit passively to the tyrant’s sentence of death.

“But Colombia was capable of crushing all resistance. * * * Consequently we turned our eyes toward the great American Republic. * * *

“Why should not this great Republic, so rich, so powerful, give the necessary co-operation in money and military force?

“This idea seemed to us so reasonable that we decided to entrust with a mission to the United States a certain Beers, more generally known by the name of Captain Beers.

“He was an employee of the Panama Railroad. His mission consisted in visiting the right persons in order to learn whether this double support could be obtained.

“The persons whom Beers saw assured him that nothing was easier and they promised to obtain all that we asked for. * * *

“Our friends then decided to delegate two of their number in order to reach a final under-

standing. I was one of the two delegates but I was forced to go alone. As soon as I arrived I was received with open arms by the persons whom Captain Beers had seen. I was to go to Washington to see Mr. Hay, Secretary of State, in order to conclude the final transaction.

“But suddenly the attitude of the person who was to take me to Washington entirely changed.

“Whenever I went to see him, strict orders had been given to the effect that he was not in. I had to install myself in the hall, to camp there, and, so to speak, besiege his office. Nothing resulted from it. And there I am. All is lost. At any moment the conspiracy may be discovered and my friends judged, sentenced to death, and their property confiscated. * * *

And the older man stopped speaking, nearly choked by his intense emotion.

“Dr. Amador,” said the Frenchman, “you are telling me a very sad story, but why did you withhold the name of the man who thus

promised the gold of the American Treasury, the Army and Navy of the United States? This childish proposition bears the stamp of the man who formulated it. * * * What, you believed in such empty talk? It is an unpardonable folly. With your imprudence you have indeed brought yourself to a pretty pass."

"Alas!" said Amador, "if we had been only dropped, but the case is much worse." And he went on to tell how this man had been warned that their messages were being intercepted but had failed to tell Amador. Concluded the unhappy filibuster, "I have been thus exposed unwittingly to the danger of giving up my friends to death. * * *"

In saying this, the old doctor could scarcely master his intense exasperation.

"Calm yourself, my poor Doctor, you are the victim of your own heedlessness. * * * Tell me what are your hopes and on what are based your chances of success. Tell me calmly, methodically, precisely."

These words soothed the exasperation of

Amador. He remained some minutes before recovering his sang-froid. Then he continued in the following terms:

“There is to-day only a weak Colombian garrison at Panama. * * * A revolution would to-day meet with no obstacles. But the Colombians have the command of the sea; their ships’ crews are loyal. We must first, therefore, acquire a fleet to prevent Colombia from overwhelming with her troops the province of Panama.

“Besides that we want arms. It was to obtain ships and arms that I have come here. Our first envoy, Captain Beers, had been assured, and the same pledge was repeated to me when I came, that the United States would give us all the money we needed to buy arms and ships and to pay the troops.”

“How big a sum do you consider necessary?”

“We need \$6,000,000.”

“My dear Doctor,” answered Bunau-Varilla,

"you have exposed the situation to me and you come to ask for advice. I answer: Let me think it over. At first glance I see no way out of the labyrinth which imprisons you. Tomorrow perhaps I shall find one. At any rate you ask for advice. I give it to you; remain here, and wait patiently until I see how the land lies. * * * I have not only to think myself, but to find out as well what others think in order to get you out of the difficulty. * * * In the meanwhile, remain, and see nobody. If you want to speak to me over the 'phone take the name of Smith. I shall take that of Jones."

And with these words, Bunau-Varilla departed. He went to solve a problem perplexing others greater than Amador. The fate of the great ship canal, and the future perhaps of more than one country, hung upon the solution of this problem. It was at that moment the subject of grave concern to Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, to the

Foreign Office in France, to the merchants of the world, to the court of Tokio, as well as the blackmail senate in Bogota and the Democratic opposition in the coming election.

This delicate diplomatic situation was the result of an unusual series of events.

In 1876 the great French engineer, Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, had formed a company which had purchased from Colombia the concession to build a canal across the Isthmus of Panama. Facing the jeers of a sceptical world, unparalleled physical difficulties, and the scourge of a fever more dreadful than war, an army of intrepid and loyal Frenchmen had struggled at the task for eight years. They laboured in the face of insuperable obstacles and almost certain death, encouraged by the ardour of adding this gigantic project to the glory and fame of their native land. This magnificent attribute, devotion to country, the secret of the splendour and power of France, was in this case unequal to the task of combatting the national weakness—a love of intrigue

and scandal. Politics got hold of the proposition, and there ensued a carnival of calumnies and canards, epithets and recriminations the like of which has hardly a parallel.

The company went into bankruptcy; slander and defamation tied the hands of the great engineer, and the hundreds of thousands of citizens who had invested in the great patriotic enterprise were left without a friend in the government or banking interests of France. Of the great army of engineers and financiers, dreamers and adventurers that began the great enterprise, one only remained, still firm in his intention to build this canal and vindicate his chief and his comrades, and give lustre to the genius of France.

His name was Philippe Bunau-Varilla, at one time chief engineer of the canal, and in the end the sole remaining champion of its feasibility. He had no official capacity in France, and not even any further connection with the bankrupt company. He was obsessed with a mania that the world needed the canal and that

France should have the credit. Armed with an indomitable will, the most exact mathematical knowledge of every detail of the work and the engineering problems, and his own private fortune, he set out to put it through. Public opinion, revolutions, state secrets, the sanctity of courts and cabinets, the power of armies, and the destinies of peoples were thenceforth his tools and his media. That the Senator from Missouri—old Gum-shoe Bill Stone—should have failed to recognize such a personality and such a conception is no wonder. Bill's reasoning was not so very bad. He saw a revolution engineered in Panama with a promptness, decision, and unerring execution never before known. He concluded that it was the work of a genius. He decided that his great enemy, Roosevelt, was the most probable and convenient, if not the only genius on the boards. As we shall see, Roosevelt had no more to do with it than I had.

Well, when the company went into bankruptcy, Bunau-Varilla went to Germany and

England and Russia. He commanded the attention of czars and emperors. He hypnotized international bankers. He drew pictures of national glory for the chancelleries of Europe. But he could not raise the Canal from the dead. And then, when human effort failed, fate gave him an opening. It all came about from three things.

1. The trip of the *Oregon* from San Francisco to Santiago around Cape Horn.
2. The eruption of Mont Pelée and the destruction of Saint-Pierre in Martinique.
3. A Nicaraguan one-centavo postage stamp.

The race of the *Oregon* convinced the United States that national safety demanded an Isthmian canal.

The unanimous opinion and prejudice of Congress and the people in favour of Nicaragua were shattered by the imminent danger of earthquakes brought home by the Martinique disaster. The final argument that Nicaragua was not a volcanic country was met

by Bunau-Varilla himself by mailing every Senator a Nicaraguan one-centavo stamp, showing a picture of Momotombo in spectacular eruption above the very lake through which the canal was to pass.

This turned the scales in favour of Panama. On the 19th of June, 1902, the Spooner bill passed both houses. It provided that a canal should be built across the Isthmus of Panama on condition that the French company would sell its interests and could give a clear title, and that the Department of State could make a satisfactory treaty with Colombia.

The French company agreed to sell for \$40,000,000.

After the usual vacillation and subterfuges M. Herran, on behalf of Colombia, and John Hay, Secretary of State, signed a treaty which was satisfactory. It gave the United States control of the Canal zone, and Colombia \$10,000,000 and \$250,000 a year.

All that remained was for the Colombian Senate to ratify the treaty.

This they were under every moral obligation to do. Colombia was ruled by a dictator. Under apprehension that the United States might build in Nicaragua he had made every effort and representation to obtain the treaty. He had ordered his minister to grant every privilege to the French company, so that there might be no question of their right to transfer their interest, and he had begun and pushed the negotiations. The whole civilized world was awaiting a canal with impatience, and the highest reasons of state, including the military protection of the nation, demanded that a decision be reached between these two routes and the work begun. The Colombian knew this and obtained his treaty and ousted Nicaragua—with the aid of fortune and the unremitting campaign of Bunau-Varilla.

But as the treaty was signed, and all eyes turned to Panama, the ring at Bogota decided not to ratify. Their dispatches and resolutions show why, and constitute the most monumentally bare-faced and audacious blackmail

and hold-up ever attempted in daylight by any civilized country. They proposed that the price be doubled and that the treaty should wait until the French concession should lapse and then take the French \$40,000,000 for themselves. In other words, purely and simply, that they should hold up one party to the agreement, and entirely steal the interest of the other. That is the whole case, completely substantiated by the documents, which I would give if there were space. No one who has not read them is qualified or has a right to discuss this Panama affair.

What should be done under these circumstances? Panama said Revolution. Old Doctor Amador had been sent to get the guns. He had found bad counsel, and was inoculated with the impossible dream of help from Washington. His legal friends in New York had failed even to approach the White House with the proposal.

But Bunau-Varilla was out to find a plan. Cognizant of every detail of the history of the

régime, he knew that diplomatically there were just three possibilities:

One was the adoption by the United States of the Nicaragua route, and the crashing of his life's work. A second was the Revolution whose dying hopes he now controlled.

The third was independent action of the United States under an old treaty made with New Granada, the predecessor of Colombia, in 1848.

The essential points of this treaty were:

“1. The Government of New Granada guarantees to the United States that the right of way or transit across the Isthmus of Panama upon any modes of communication that now exist or that may be hereafter constructed, shall be open and free to the government and citizens of the United States.”

The question was whether this guarantee of right of way upon any mode of transit *that might be hereafter constructed*, did not of itself justly and necessarily imply and include the right of construction.

Before he could act he felt obliged to discover which of these plans the State Department had in mind. If they had given up Panama, all was lost indeed. Unless they would instantly support a revolution, such a proceeding would be suicidal. If the United States proposed to take the zone anyway, the Revolution would be superfluous. Being astute as well as honourable he was aware that under no circumstances could he acquire his information directly, or get the slightest assurance or encouragement from the government. He had a higher opinion of Theodore Roosevelt and John Hay than many of their countrymen—who say that they instigated the revolt—have since evinced.

On this impossible errand he went to Washington. He paid a social call upon the Honourable Francis B. Loomis, Assistant Secretary of State. He told him that he had recently taken an important proprietary interest in the great French newspaper, *Le Matin*.

“Then you ought to present to the President

the compliments of *Le Matin*. Do you know Mr. Roosevelt personally?"

"I have not that honour."

"The President will be glad to receive you. I will go and inquire."

In a few minutes he was in the presence of Theodore Roosevelt. Bunau-Varilla says: "We conversed about *Le Matin*. I was awaiting an opportunity to bring up the Panama subject, Mr. Loomis having cited the publication of the famous *bordereau* in the Dreyfus affair as being among the great achievements of *Le Matin*, I jumped at the opportunity. The bridge was found, I crossed it. 'Mr. President,' I said, 'Captain Dreyfus has not been the only victim of detestable political passions. Panama is another.'

"'Oh, yes,' exclaimed the President, suddenly interested. 'That is true. You have devoted much time and effort to Panama, Mr. Bunau-Varilla. Well, what do you think is going to be the outcome of the present situation?'

"It was then or never. I could by his answer know exactly what the President had in mind. I remained silent for a moment, and then pronounced the following four words in a slow, decided manner:

" 'Mr. President, a revolution.'

"The features of the President manifested profound surprise. 'A revolution,' he repeated, mechanically. Then he turned instinctively toward Mr. Loomis, who remained standing, impassive, and he said in a low tone, as if speaking to himself:

" 'A revolution! * * * Would it be possible? * * * But if it became a reality, what would become of the plan we had thought of?' * * * He quickly recovered himself, and asked, 'What makes you think so?'"

The champion of the canal returned to the game by stating that he had certain special indications which led infallibly to that conclusion, and withdrew.

This was all. Every word. And yet from

this the subtle Frenchman concluded that a revolution would be welcome and that the chief magistrate stood by the Panama route.

It remained now for a foreigner in New York without boats or guns or treasury, without influence or authority, to execute the *coup d'état*. Not the least of his difficulties was the inane, suspicious, proud, vain, and vacillating character of his revolutionists.

One thing was certain. Without the conviction that the power of the United States was behind them, these timid patriots would do nothing.

In his dilemma he recalled a scene enacted under his eyes years before, when he was at work on the Culebra Cut. A religious civil war had broken out in Colombia, and the government had sent troops, to subdue revolters on the Isthmus, and a United States cruiser in the harbour had landed marines, preventing the landing of the government troops, and all fighting. They had done this under the old

treaty, by which the United States undertook to keep order and open transit across the Isthmus.

If they would do it then, why not now? Anyway, he decided to stake everything upon this probability.

But to reassure himself he went again to the State Department. Mr. Loomis introduced him to the Secretary, John Hay. It was well known that this great statesman regarded the completion of the canal of transcendent importance to the world.

In discussing the matter Bunau-Varilla said: “When all the counsels of prudence and friendship have been made in vain, there comes a moment when one has to stand still and await events.”

“These events,” he asked the Secretary, “what do you think they will be?”

“The whole thing will end in a revolution,” answered this master of revolution. “You must take your measures if you do not want yourself to be taken by surprise.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Hay, “that is unfortunately the most probable hypothesis. But we shall not be caught napping. Orders have been given to naval forces on the Pacific to sail toward Panama.”

Prompt, decisive, daring action followed. Within a day this extraordinary man constituted himself the Jefferson, the Washington, and the Benjamin Franklin of the new Republic of Panama. He wrote the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, a methodical plan of the military operations to be conducted, complete details of the three days’ defence of the Isthmus which he considered necessary, and a cipher code for dispatches, and most important of all, he prepared in advance the exact cables to be sent appointing a minister plenipotentiary to the United States capable of the direct, reliable, and prompt action necessary to satisfy this exasperated country. None other in fact than Philippe Bunau-Varilla. It was magnificent.

With these exhibits complete, and a flag devised for the occasion by Madame, he repaired again to the Liberty Hall of the Isthmus of Panama—to wit, room 1162 Waldorf Astoria Hotel.

There like a Napoleon he issued orders to the astonished conspirator. “Dr. Amador, the moment has come to clear the deck for action. Be satisfied with my assertions. There is no more time for discussing their genesis.

“I can give you assurance that you will be protected by the American forces forty-eight hours after you have proclaimed the new Republic in the whole Isthmus.

“Then will begin a delicate period, that of the complete recognition of the new Republic. The fight will be in Washington. I take the responsibility of it. I take also the responsibility of obtaining for you, from a bank, or of furnishing you myself, the one hundred thousand dollars which are necessary to you.”

So Amador sailed with injunction to have

the Declaration of Independence issued and a government in being by the 3rd of November —five days after his landing. And not only with everything prepared to the last detail, but with the text of the telegram he was to send announcing the new government and appointing Bunau-Varilla minister plenipotentiary to the United States with unlimited authority to negotiate a concession for the canal. And most important of all, with the firm conviction that this masterful Frenchman had at his command the navy of the United States, and the unbounded power and authority of Richelieu of old.

This last delusion proved the crux of the whole affair. For no sooner had the excited doctor arrived than the conspirators demanded proof. "If Bunau-Varilla is so powerful, let him prove it. He says we shall be protected forty-eight hours after establishing the new Republic. Well? We will believe him if he is capable of sending an American man of war

to Colon at our request." So they wired that the Colombian troops were arriving in five days and asked for the warship.

So it was up to this ingenious man to send a warship or to make them think he sent it. He boarded the train for Washington. He went to see every secretary, senator, and gossip he knew or could get access to, including Loomis. To all he said the same thing.

"Remember the date of November 3, 1903. That day will behold a repetition of what happened there on the 1st of April, 1885. The armed conflict which will be the cause of it is expected everywhere. It is spoken of publicly in the press. The only difference between 1885 and 1903 is that the blame will not be attributed to the captain of a man of war in the waters of Colon. It will rest on the Government of the United States itself."

If the papers were not full of it before, they certainly were after this announcement.

So both ends were played against the middle. There could be no revolution without a war-

ship. Also, there could be no warship without a revolution. Very well, the United States had been sufficiently informed that there was going to be a riot on November 3rd. That being the case, undoubtedly they would send the ships. It remained to use this fact to its limit to encourage the juntas and convince them that they were in the hands of a great power.

Bunau-Varilla planned to leave them in their delusion. He looked up the position of the navy. The *Nashville* was at Kingston. He felt sure it would be ordered to Colon. It would take two days and a half to get there. It was now the 29th of October. He cabled Amador in his code.

“All right. Will reach two days and a half.”

They understood this to mean that he had ordered a warship to their assistance that would arrive in two days and a half.

This was one of the greatest impudences and most splendid bluffs ever made by a private in-

dividual in international affairs. It was worthy of Athos at his best.

The news was spread over the whole town of Colon that at Bunau-Varilla's request the Americans were coming to protect Panama. On the morning of Nov. 2nd the entire population was scanning the sea in doubt and curiosity. As the hours passed, disappointment and chagrin clouded their hearts. By night, they were in despair. When lo! Smoke was descried on the horizon. Miracle of miracles, —amid a burst of "delirious enthusiasm" the *Nashville* sailed into the harbour with the Star-Spangled Banner floating in the breeze.

And sitting in the Waldorf Astoria the manipulator of events, this maker of diplomacy by induction and mathematics, received the fateful telegram:

"Independence of the Isthmus proclaimed without bloodshed.

"AMADOR."

The Colombian troops arrived all right and

fell into the popular delusion upon sight of the American flag. They threatened to shoot every American in the vicinity. The commander of the *Nashville*, neither knowing nor caring about these plots and delusions, landed his marines as he was accustomed to do when riot seemed impending and before what appeared the armed intervention of the United States, the Colombians withdrew. Panama was a free and independent Republic.

In the entire history of our diplomacy there is no finer example of the power and success of quick and drastic measures than that now taken by Theodore Roosevelt. Nicaraguans, peace cranks, sentimental adherents of Colombia, old line political opponents, were lining up for ten years more of harangue and argument, and the Colombian cable began frantically to offer anything on earth to get back into the running. Roosevelt says he *took* the Canal. It must have been with peculiar pleasure that within a week after the events recounted he received **M. Bunau-Varilla** in state at the White House

as the accredited minister plenipotentiary from the now fully recognized Republic of Panama.

No two men ever worked with greater harmony and dispatch than this astonishing ambassador and John Hay. Another grave danger was impending. Panama was sending two of its bombastic citizens to haggle and debate and parade their importance at Washington. After their arrival all accomplishment would have been at the mercy of endless conversation and formal trivialities.

Success in the consummation of the treaty depended upon rapidity of movement.

On Sunday, Nov. 15th, John Hay wrote to Bunau-Varilla:

“DEAR MR. MINISTER: I enclose a project of a Treaty. Please return it to me with your suggestions at your earliest convenience.”

The sequel might be a lesson to all the foreign offices and ambassadors in the world. It is a demonstration of the fact that two capable and fair-minded men can come to an international agreement without interminable formal-

ity and conventions, proposals and counter proposals. That where both parties honestly and earnestly desire justice for the other, as well as themselves, and are not burdened with the dead wood of precedent and the desire for some concealed advantage, they can reach a satisfactory conclusion in an incredibly short time.

Bunau-Varilla, a Frenchman, whose life had been dedicated to this international canal, sat down that very day with the Hay-Pauncefote treaty between England and America, the old treaty with Colombia, his instructions from Panama, and his sense of fair play, and wrote a document which was not only satisfactory to John Hay, but to the suspicious Panamanians and to the hostile senate and posterity. He sent it to the Secretary of State saying it was his suggestion.

On the 18th he received this short summons:

“Will you kindly call at my house at six o’clock to-day?

“JOHN HAY.”

The newspaper reporters were at the door. They had seen the head of the Treaties Bureau go in, and were expecting an historical event.

The Hay-Bunau-Varilla treaty was signed within a few minutes, just fifteen days after the birth of the new nation. It is recorded that the minister sealed the bond with John Hay's signet ring.

It gave the United States the use, occupation, and control of the canal zone in perpetuity for \$10,000,000.

Next morning the committee arrived from Panama to palaver. It was too late.

On the following day General Reyes arrived from Colombia to intrigue. It was too late.

Prompt decisive action had at last given the United States an essential military control over its own waters, and the world the prospect of an inestimable boon.

Moreover it had saved the country from a most embarrassing position it would have been in toward the French Republic. No one knew better than Roosevelt that France could not

stand by idle and allow Colombia to plunder her citizens out of a life's work and sacrifice, and \$40,000,000 in cold cash; and yet, any action that France could have taken to prevent such a solution would have constituted a most unwelcome challenge to the American Doctrine of Monroe.

Without reserve it is our pleasure to give first prize for the conception and initiative in this great enterprise to France. For the execution of the most successful revolution on record, we recommend Bunau-Varilla, who has since received the decoration of the Legion of Honour for conspicuous bravery on the firing line at Verdun where he lost a leg. The ultimate responsible action stands to the everlasting credit of Theodore Roosevelt.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

SOME LESSONS IN CIVILITY

Premonitions—The King of Prussia's Precious Doctrines in 1823—The Oppressed Revolutionists of Germany—*Début* of the Prussian Bully in Samoa—The Emperor's Fatal Birthday—The Advent of the Famous Formula: “Impossible Ultimatum, Instant Defensive Invasion and Annexation”—Leary of the *Adams* Takes a Hand—*Schrecklichkeit* Foiled by a Hurricane—“The Organization of Failure in the Midst of Hate”—Why the Kaiser Did Not Take Uncle Sam by “The Scruff of the Neck”—“If You Want a Fight, You Can Have It Now”—Roosevelt Calls the Teuton Bluff—A Case of Arbitration—Designs on the Caribbean—An Opinion by John Hay.

A SURVEY of the actions of the Imperial German Government which are the basis of the deep-seated conviction of our Department of State that the Hohenzollern dynasty has far-reaching designs upon the integrity of American soil and the inviolability of the “American System” re-

veals that they date from the decision of the Kaiser to drop Bismarck, the great pilot. The Iron Chancellor developed to its deadly conclusion the brutal policy of the Great Frederick, and deserves the lion's share of the discredit for the fatal ambition for conquest and dominion that has undermined the Teutonic character. But since his designs were definitely confined to other spheres they gave the United States no cause for alarm. In fact, up to that time our experience with the German people had been the reverse of suspicious. The country had welcomed great numbers of them, whom, even in the passions of to-day, no one can accuse of being advocates of blood and iron militarism run a-muck, or aspirants for the first tier of boxes in the sun. They were revolters against regal prerogative, and came in the name of Liberty and joined the ranks of the Union forces in the Civil War for emancipation. The consequence was that our assumption was heavily in favour of the German a decade ago.

The first sign we had that a “superman” was being evolved contained little portent of danger to the continent we guard so jealously. But it aroused in America a sudden realization of an important event—the arrival of a new and particularly disgusting character on the international stage. It was the *début* in Washington of the Prussian bully. He was discovered swaggering insolently down the shores of the Pacific, twirling his mustachios and kicking the pedestrians in the selfsame manner so familiar on the sidewalks of Potsdam.

It happened in Samoa. The Samoans were a picturesque, comely and gentle people, whose sole faults were a childish irresponsibility in regard to their neighbours’ cocoanuts and an inherent inability to determine who should be king. A short time previously the consuls of England, the United States and Germany had settled a difference of opinion by making one rival claimant, Malietoa Laupepa, king, and another, Tamasese, vice-king. Thus as Stevenson says: “in addition to

the old conundrum, 'Who is the King?' they had supplied a new one, 'What is a vice-king?'"

Malietoa Laupepa was a very kindly, trusting, high-minded old fellow, whose mild and gentle disposition made him an easy mark for the preliminary canters of frightfulness. His rule at most was only nominal as far as European interests were concerned. The three consuls presided over a neutral territory about the port of Apia, and acted as an advisory board for the monarch.

There had been some trouble due to petty thefts from the plantation of a German firm. This firm was presided over at the time by Captain Brandeis, an artillery officer whose warlike intentions and predilections were so sedulously concealed that he pretended to be a mere clerk in the office. The Germans had insisted upon putting the thieves in a private jail of their own, and exacting from the helpless old king satisfaction of a nature so drastic as to bring forth violent protests from the English and American consuls. The matter

had been made the subject of an international conference in Washington, which adjourned on July 26, 1885. It was understood that this adjournment was for the consuls to get further instructions from home and in the meantime that no action should be taken by any government.

Nevertheless pretty soon the port of Apia began to resemble a royal review at Wilhelms-haven. The King was in the interior, the petty thieves were in jail, and the island was as quiet and dreamy as a picture of Heaven. By the end of August, 1887, there were five German ships of war in the obscure little bay. Robert Louis Stevenson thus describes the subsequent amazing proceedings:

“They waited inactive, as a burglar waits till the patrol goes by, and on the 23d, when the mail had left for Sydney, when the eyes of the world were withdrawn, and Samoa plunged again for a period of weeks into her original island obscurity, Becker opened his guns. [Becker was the German Consul.] The pol-

icy was too cunning to seem dignified. * * * and helped shake men's reliance on the word of Germany. On the day named, an ultimatum reached Malietoa at Afenga, whither he had retired months before to avoid friction. A fine of one thousand dollars and an *ifo*, or public humiliation, were demanded for the affair of the Emperor's birthday. Twelve thousand dollars were to be 'paid quickly' for thefts from German plantations in the course of the last four years." Becker concluded by saying he would be at Afenga next morning at 11 o'clock.

This was the same old game, then new to us, cropping up in the South Seas—an outrageous demand, coupled with an explosive ultimatum attached to a short-timed fuse.

The thefts were negligible and had been settled already. The only new matter was this terrible "affair of the Emperor's birthday."

Let us look into it. On March 22d, which was undoubtedly the birthday of the Emperor, some Germans assembled in a public bar in the

neutral territory of Apia. Much drinking and "*hoching*" finally resulted in a "squabble" with some other convivialists, ending in what Becker called a riot. For this, four natives were arrested, and haled before a German magistrate. He acquitted one of these. The others he convicted of assault. The case was appealed to the full court—that is, the three consuls together. The American and British consuls considered the charges petty and unproved and reversed the decision. And that was the whole business called by the German Commander "*The trampling upon, by Malietoa, of the German Emperor.*" It was not even mentioned three months later in the conference between the three nations at Washington.

At 11 A. M. Becker was at the place named. The King asked for a day's delay to consider. Becker declared war on the spot, appointed the bewildered Tamasese King under the supervision and protection of the redoubtable Brandeis and the five warships, ran the German flag over his headquarters, and declared his juris-

diction over the whole works, including the *neutral territory*. He seized the harmless old King of Samoa and shipped him off a prisoner to Germany. The poor fellow appealed in vain to the justice of heaven and the protection of the consuls.

But in Washington the affair was not so lightly regarded. It constituted a breach of faith almost inconceivable to them and the pretext was as stupid as it was brazen. To begin with, that the Kaiser was such a holy idol that any disturbance upon his birthday in any part of the earth was sacrilege and *lèse majesté* was a novel and startling discovery. That the King of Samoa lying under the palms fifty miles away could be responsible for a tavern brawl in a neutral seaport, distinctly outside his jurisdiction, and distinctly inside of that of the three consuls—a neutrality which the Samoans scrupulously observed even in the midst of war—was too much for the world to swallow.

The American and British consuls refused to recognize the new king, or the German juris-

diction. The islanders rose under another leader, a romantic and Herculean youth named Mataafa, and war broke loose. The Germans, believing the situation in hand, let some of their ships go. The Americans believing otherwise dispatched Captain Leary, a belligerent and humorous Irishman, to the scene with the *Adams*.

The Germans now considered that they owned the islands, and they set out to quell "the rebels"—that is, the Samoans. They sailed down the coast to bombard the villages. Leary stuck by his guns. He refused to recognize either the Germans or Tamasese. He got between the Germans and their targets. He was certainly guilty of *lèse majesté* himself.

The affair got worse. The Germans tried to storm the Samoan camp and were repulsed with great loss. In a fury, they then declared martial law, with edicts prophetic of later days. "The crime of inciting German troops by any means, as, for instance, informing them of proclamations by the enemy, was punishable

with death; that of publishing or secretly distributing anything, whether printed or written, bearing on the war, and that of calling or attending a public meeting, unless permitted, with prison or deportation." These rules they declared applied to Americans and English as well as natives, including the consuls.

The British consul flung back a flat defiance and three American warships arrived very quickly under Captain Hand to discuss the affair. What the end might have been, nobody knows. For a while the brokers on 'change were watching the tickers in New York and London for news of the first shot meaning war, when a hurricane came out of the West and threw practically the whole flotilla in splinters on the beach, and Bismarck was put to the necessity of disavowing the whole game. Still there is no record of iron crosses being distributed to the warriors of the chivalrous Mataafa, who, when they saw their enemies drowning before their eyes, plunged in and saved them by the hundred.

But he could not withdraw object lesson number one, of which Stevenson said "the German breach of faith was public and express; it must have been deliberately premeditated: and it was resented in the States as a deliberate insult." And caused him to make further remarks which, if taken to heart in Berlin, would have saved a world of trouble. One was with regard to the German consul: "If the object of diplomacy be the organization of failure in the midst of hate, he was a great diplomatist."

The other was equally penetrating:

"The German flag might wave over her puppet unquestioned, but there is a law of human nature which diplomatists should be taught at school, and it seems they are not: that men can tolerate base injustice, but not the combination of injustice and subterfuge. Hence the chequered career of the thimble-rigger."

The second warning the United States received of German ambitions was more direct and more dangerous. It recalled the archaic but more frank declaration of the regal combi-

nation of 1823, when the King of Prussia had joined with the Emperors of Europe for the avowed purpose of suppressing all republics in general, and those in South America in particular. That “convention” we never held up against the Kaiser, because it was an insanity prevalent at the time in all Europe, and the natural hang-over from the era of absolute monarchs from which that continent was just emerging. But the year 1898 was an entirely different matter.

William McKinley had determined to recognize and establish the independence of the island of Cuba. For a century the Royal Spanish Government had failed to produce anything there except riot, anarchy, misery, and confusion. War was impending. This appeared to the councils of Potsdam to be an opportune moment to assert themselves, and to acquaint the world with three or four self-evident but neglected facts. One was that the pretension of the United States that affairs in America were her sole concern was an imperti-

nence and a dead letter, not to be recognized by an omnipotent sovereign holding dominion under high heaven; another was that a "debating society," that ridiculous form of government, a democracy, which by its very existence was an insult to Majesty, should be taught the respect due a legitimate queen-regent. And the third was the familiar axiom that no affair of importance should be undertaken anywhere in the world without consulting the German Army and the German Kaiser.

So it is reliably reported that Von Holleben, the German Ambassador, and Von Hengelmüller, his Austrian understudy, convened the Diplomatic Corps in Washington under instructions from Berlin to have the Yankees presented with an order beginning and ending with the single word "*Verboten.*" This program would have been carried through, and the rough-riders have found themselves confronted with an entirely different proposition, except for one obstacle—a constant and obstinate obstacle, beginning even then to be re-

garded by the Kaiser as the one fountain of all evil and sacrilege in the world—to-wit, the navy of England. Sir Julian Pauncefote insisted that England could make no such arrangement—must be left free to act as circumstances might dictate. Feeling pretty sure that these circumstances would dictate an unexpected visit to Heligoland in case the German fleet happened to be out chastising the shade of the immortal Monroe, the meeting concluded to confine their offices to a polite remonstrance, which was reported in an article in the *World's Work* in this wise:

“Said the six ambassadors: ‘We hope for humanity’s sake that you will not go to war.’ Said Mr. McKinley, in reply: ‘We hope if we do go to war that you will understand that it is for humanity’s sake.’ The best evidence of how this conclusion satisfied the Kaiser is contained in his own words: ‘If I had only had a fleet, I would have taken Uncle Sam by the scruff of the neck.’ ”

But the Kaiser’s last card had not yet been

played. He did have a formidable squadron in Asiatic waters, with instructions which can only be guessed at, but from subsequent proceedings pretty well imagined. Admiral Von Diederich headed this squadron to Manila, and began his pleasantries shortly after the defeat of the Spanish Navy there. Admiral Dewey, the soul of naval etiquette, but no Polish peasant, was at first unable to understand manœuvres originating in the conception that the Kaiser's orders were sufficient reason for any action on earth. Dewey was blockading the harbour and, by the rules of the sea, as well as by the established code of International Law, no vessels of any kind could enter except by his permission. Von Diederich sailed the *Irene* in without as much as "with your leave." Dewey knew he was discourteous, but supposed he was ignorant. However, when the *Cormoran* followed suit, the Admiral brought her to with solid shot across the bow, and then pretty soon the premeditation behind this affair began to develop. Dewey casually mentioned that it

was hardly customary for a friendly squadron visiting a blockaded port on the eve of hostilities to come in force greater than the blockader commanded. Von Diederich haughtily replied that such were the Kaiser's orders.

Doubtless it was also the Kaiser's orders which induced the German sailor to threaten the Philippine auxiliaries of the United States, and openly to send supplies to the besieged garrison. This last act brought affairs to a head. Dewey was a diplomat. As such he knew the proper way to deal with this particular manifestation. His message was:

“Say to Admiral Von Diederich that if he wants a fight, he can have it now!”

Von Diederich wanted the fight. But he did not want any unknown quantities about it. So he sent over to the English commander, Captain Chichester, riding at anchor in the vicinity, and asked what he would do if Von Diederich interfered with Dewey. Chichester's answer was discouraging, a naval corollary to Sir Julian's diplomacy. It was to the

effect that he knew, and that Dewey knew, what he would do.

To test this remark the German lined up in menacing array when Dewey steamed in to open the attacks on the forts. Chichester, smiling, pulled up anchor, and casually sailed in between.

Diplomacy is no less diplomacy because it is conducted on shipboard and not in a cabinet in the Wilhelmstrasse.

The first warning signal was in Samoa. The second at Manila. On the third occasion the Kaiser had the rank misfortune to have Theodore Roosevelt to deal with. In such affairs Roosevelt has nothing in common with "the reign of chatter." Congress never found this out until years later when the facts were published in the "Life of John Hay."

To the Prussian mind a particularly favourable occasion had arisen for a test of the Monroe Doctrine. Their invariable formula for acquiring any desirable property, followed to the letter in all of their little defensive en-

terprises including the bombardment of Belgrade, is very clever. It ought to hoodwink and satisfy everybody. It is an astonishing thing that it does not. No German can understand it. Take any demand, provided it is absolutely unreasonable, frame it in the most arrogant and lordly manner possible, and throw it into the territory. If it is not acquiesced in by sunset, march a "defensive" army into the place, or start a "defensive" bombardment. What could be more reasonable, or more convincing? Particularly since objection on the part of any one is conclusive proof that he belongs to an inferior race.

Venezuelans owed the Germans some money. The Germans had "claims" against them. Claims constitute the principal commodity as well as supply the principal topic of all talk—social, political, or merely casual—in this interesting country. But even a Venezuela claim has this in common with the ordinary variety. It has two sides. It is capable of producing a difference of opinion concerning its validity

and volume. Of course, any one will have to agree, however, that a claim held by the Kaiser is another matter. For, obviously, there exists no living human, not to mention Venezuelan being, capable of doubting the Kaiser's decision upon any subject, much less a claim. Since Venezuela had the audacity to delay and dispute payment a great opportunity had arrived. Out went the demand, and hard upon it came the invincible Armada.

John Hay, Secretary of State, taking note of this affair, pointed out that the United States had an ancient rule, by which they set great store, to the effect that no excuse would do for invading American soil. The Kaiser politely replied that if he found it necessary to take Venezuelan territory it would only be for "temporary" occupation.

In an appendix to Mr. William Roscoe Thayer's Life of John Hay, Mr. Roosevelt describes what happened then as follows:

"I also became convinced that Germany intended to seize some Venezuelan harbour and

turn it into a strongly fortified place of arms, on the model of Kiauchau, with a view to exercising some degree of control over the future Isthmian Canal, and over South American affairs generally.

“For some time the usual methods of diplomatic intercourse were tried. Germany declined to agree to arbitrate the question at issue between her and Venezuela, and declined to say that she would not take possession of Venezuelan territory, merely saying that such possession would be “temporary”—which might mean anything. I finally decided that no useful purpose would be served by further delay, and I took action accordingly. I assembled our battle fleet (there were more than fifty ships including every battleship and destroyer we had), under Admiral Dewey, near Porto Rico, for “manœuvres,” with instructions that the fleet should be kept in hand and in fighting trim, and should be ready to sail at an hour’s notice. The fact that the fleet was in West Indian waters was of course generally

known; but I believe that the Secretary of the Navy, and Admiral Dewey, and perhaps his Chief of Staff, and the Secretary of State, John Hay, were the only persons who knew about the order for the fleet to be ready to sail at an hour's notice. I told John Hay that I would now see the German Ambassador, Herr von Holleben, myself, and that I intended to bring matters to an early conclusion. Our navy was in very efficient condition, being superior to the German navy.

“I saw the Ambassador, and explained that in view of the presence of the German squadron on the Venezuelan coast I could not permit longer delay in answering my request for an arbitration, and that I could not acquiesce in any seizure of Venezuelan territory. The Ambassador responded that his Government could not agree to arbitrate, and that there was no intention to take “permanent” possession of Venezuelan territory. I answered that Kiauchau was not a “permanent” possession of Germany's—that I understood that it was merely

held by a ninety-nine years' lease; and that I did not intend to have another Kiauchau, held by similar tenure, on the approach to the Isthmian Canal. The Ambassador repeated that his government would not agree to arbitrate. I then asked him to inform his government that if no notification for arbitration came within a certain specified number of days I should be obliged to order Dewey to take his fleet to the Venezuelan coast and see that the German forces did not take possession of any territory. He expressed very grave concern, and asked me if I realized the serious consequences that would follow such action; consequences so serious to both countries that he dreaded to give them a name. I answered that I had thoroughly counted the cost before I decided on the step, and asked him to look at the map, as a glance would show him that there was no spot in the world where Germany in the event of a conflict with the United States would be at a greater disadvantage than in the Caribbean Sea.

“A few days later the Ambassador came to see me, talked pleasantly on several subjects, and rose to go. I asked him if he had any answer to make from his government to my request, and when he said no, I informed him that in such event it was useless to wait as long as I had intended, and that Dewey would be ordered to sail twenty-four hours in advance of the time I had set. He expressed deep apprehension, and said that his government would not arbitrate. However, less than twenty-four hours before the time I had appointed for cabling the order to Dewey, the Embassy notified me that His Imperial Majesty the German Emperor had directed him to request me to undertake the arbitration myself. I felt, and publicly expressed, great gratification at this outcome, and great appreciation of the course the German Government had finally agreed to take. Later I received the consent of the German Government to have the arbitration undertaken by the Hague Tribunal, and not by me.”

Von Holleben was recalled in disgrace by the Kaiser and dismissed from the Diplomatic Service.

There is one other interesting side light on this whole affair. In the American navy there were then as there are now many officers with German names and lineage. They were then as now patriotic Americans and Mr. Roosevelt took particular pains that in so far as their naval fitness allowed these men were in service on the battle fleet under Dewey so that the Kaiser might get the most unmistakable evidence that any dependence he placed on hyphenism here would cost him dear.

These matters, and many more—such as the thwarted effort of the Kaiser to establish a naval base at the entrance of the Gulf of Mexico, and his abortive attempt to purchase two “private” harbours on the Pacific Ocean—these matters and many more constitute the working basis upon which American distrust of the protagonists of “Kultur” was built, long before the *Lusitania*. Those interested in

John Hay's keen perception of the danger should read the chapter of William Roscoe Thayer's life of the great statesman, who "would rather be the dupe of China than the chum of the Kaiser." It shows that he put his finger on each and every certain sign of Teuton duplicity and propaganda, not forgetting the German-American traitors enrolled under Prince Henry's banner. Of these he said:

"The prime motive of every German-American is hostility to every country in the world, including America, which is not friendly to Germany. * * *

It is small wonder, that knowing what he knew, Roosevelt wanted no time wasted waiting for "proofs." Proofs a-plenty had been written large before ever a gun was fired.

THE END



